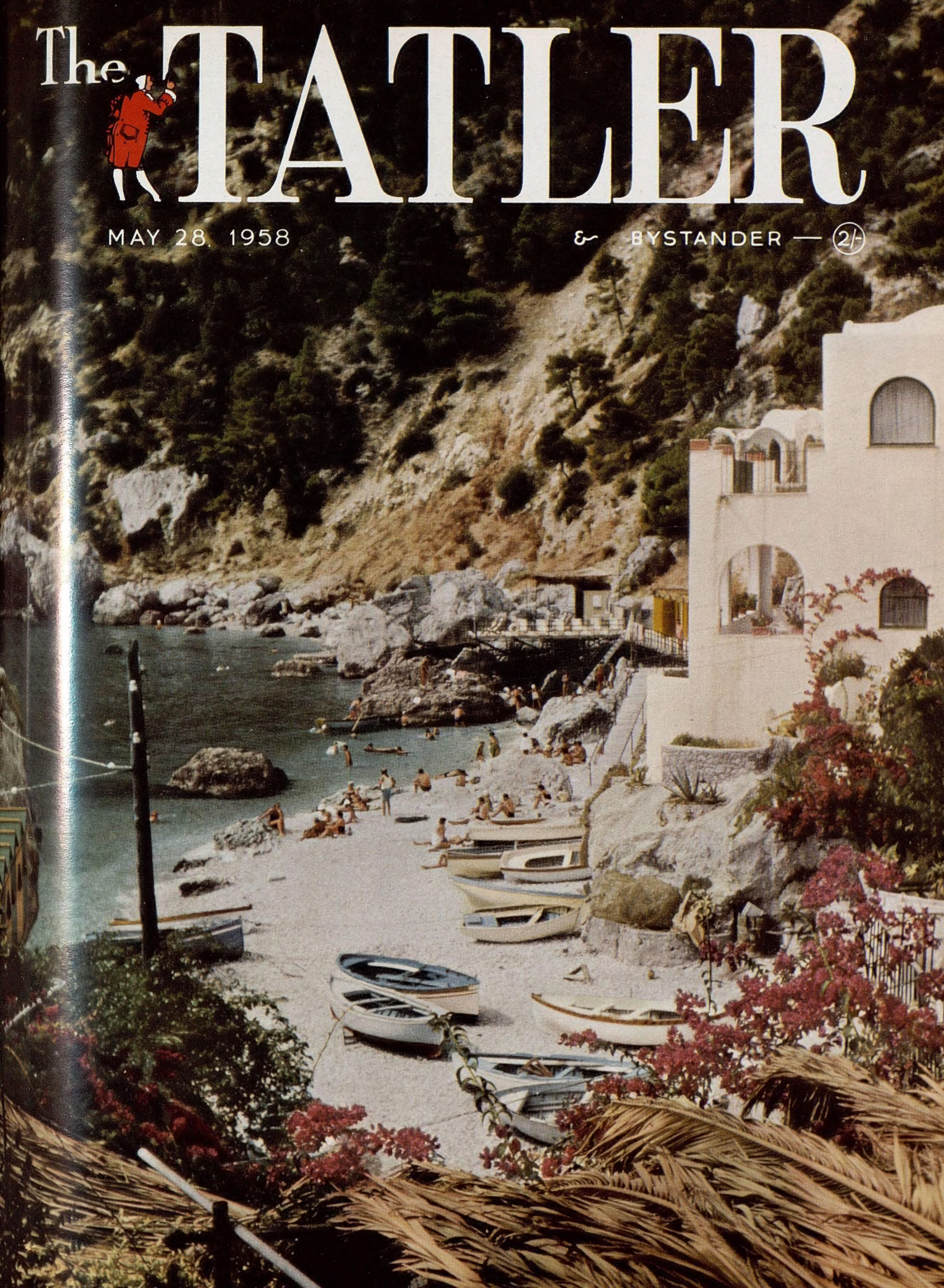


The TATTLER

MAY 28, 1958

8~ BYSTANDER — (2/-)





After a painting by David Cobb, R.O.I., S.M.A.

FAST PATROL BOATS

With hulls of laminated wood on frames of light alloy these craft have the speed and strength to log forty knots and more, even in rough waters. Armed with two 21-inch torpedo tubes or 4.5 quick-firing guns (and sometimes with both) they are fierce little fighters indeed. Small, fast and extremely manoeuvrable they present a difficult target to aircraft and ships, and are a fine example of the Navy's versatility.

*Player's
Please*





Peter Clark

Leisure shortie . . .

. . . cool and suave for leisurely summer mornings at home and away, for this serenely simple shortie is made in a white French fabric that packs beautifully, washes perfectly. From the Leisure Gowns on the first floor, or by post. In white only. 15½ gns.

the **Debenham** touch

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY in Wigmore Street W1: LAngham 4444

3

WAYS

YOU CAN BENEFIT FROM TAMPAX

UNDREAMED-OF COMFORT! Have you always used belts, pins, pads? Never once tried internal sanitary protection? Then Tampax will be a revelation! There's nothing to cling, rub, chafe, irritate or restrict. No feeling of bulk and bother—Tampax is so comfortable, *you literally don't know it's there!* Over and over again, you'll bless the day you discovered Tampax.

DAINTINESS ON DIFFICULT DAYS. What else do you hate about time-of-the-month? Disposal problems? The ever present worry about odour? The difficulty of handling pads? Then listen to what Tampax will do for you. You never have to touch the Tampax itself. Insertion is simple, disposal is easy, and how convenient it is to carry "extras". Moreover, since Tampax is worn internally, *odour simply can't form.* In every way, it's definitely the daintiest kind of protection you can use.

MORE POISE, FREEDOM, PEACE OF MIND. Reading about these advantages doesn't begin to tell you how different Tampax will make you *feel.* Along with millions of women, you'll tend to forget all about differences in days of the month. Why put off your decision any longer? *Try Tampax this very month!* Choice of two absorbencies (Regular and Super) at chemists and drapers. Tampax Ltd., Belvue Rd., Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex.



*Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women*

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 5d. in loose stamps to The Nurse, Dept. M71, Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex.



You'll LOVE
being slender



EVERYBODY'S TALKING about Slenderella International, the new fabulous slenderizing system that takes off weight... improves posture... makes you the size you ought to be. It's so new... so different... so pleasant.

PHONE TODAY for your complimentary visit and figure analysis.

- * NO DISROBING
- * NO ELECTRICITY
- * NO EXERCISE
- * NO STARVATION DIET

slenderella

172, New Bond Street,
London, W.1.

Telephone HYDe Park 0951

PARIS • NEW YORK

Slenderella Slenderizing System Ltd.

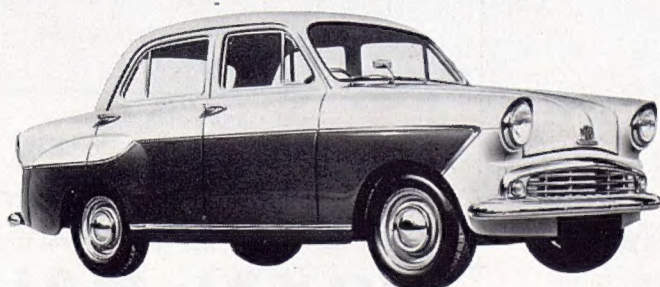
'He said
we were having the best
of both worlds!'



'We didn't know what the man at the garage meant at first. Then he went on to explain that as owners of a Standard Pennant we were obviously determined to enjoy luxury *and* economy. Well, of course, he was right. For example, there's the smart Vynair upholstery with a whole variety of

patterns to choose from, and the beautifully finished fittings, not to mention the superb comfort. Then there's the lively engine—over 70 miles an hour with a 42 to 47 miles per gallon petrol consumption—as Jack says, some performance! Yes, it *is* nice to have the best of both worlds!'

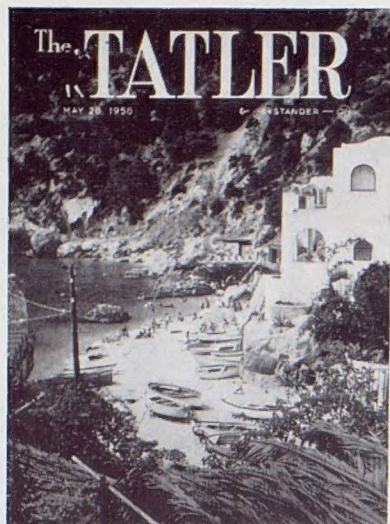
THE STANDARD PENNANT



Price: £485 Plus P.T. £243. 17.0

*Your Standard or Triumph car is backed
by a 12 months guarantee
and the world wide Stanpart spares service.*

The Bath Festival



As Whitsun comes round in the calendar the season of holidays quickens. In Britain the beaches grow busy. Abroad the resorts prepare to receive the early wave of holiday-makers from the north. Except of course in places like the Isle of Capri, where this delightful bay was photographed. There, in the sunny Mediterranean, the holiday season lasts all the year round

D I A R Y of the week

FROM 29 MAY TO 4 JUNE

THURSDAY 29 MAY

Royal Engagements: Princess Margaret, as Colonel-in-Chief, attends the regimental luncheon of the Highland Light Infantry at the Caledonian Club, also the annual council meeting of the N.S.P.C.C. at St. Pancras Town Hall, and the première of the film *The Key*, in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association and Navy League Sea Cadets, at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square.

Racing at Windsor and Manchester.

FRIDAY 30 MAY

Agriculture: Cambridgeshire and Isle of Ely County Show at Doddington, March, Cambs.

The fashion for festivals to attract visitors has spread to the city of Georgian elegance. An article on the festival is on page 454. The Derby: an article capturing the excitement of the race is on page 462. Next week: THE SPECIAL SUMMER NUMBER

Aviation: International Invitation Air Rally at Shoreham, organized by the Royal Aero Club.

Racing at Manchester, Newbury and Thirsk.

SATURDAY 31 MAY

Festival: The 25th Public Schools' Lodges' Festival at St. Edwards School, Oxford.

Opera: Strauss's opera *Elektra* (last performance of the season) sung in German by the Covent Garden Opera at the Royal Opera House, 7.30 p.m.

Polo: Semi-Final of the Cicero Cup at Cowdray Park, Midhurst.

Racing at Manchester, Newbury and Thirsk.

SUNDAY 1 JUNE

Concert: Beethoven concert by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Josef Krips. Solo violinist: Isaac Stern. Royal Festival Hall, 7.30 p.m.

MONDAY 2 JUNE

Royal Engagement: Prince Philip visits Cherbourg in the Royal Yacht Britannia to open the new clubhouse of the Cherbourg Yacht Club.

Trade: The Souvenirs Exhibition opens at the Design Centre, Haymarket.

Racing at Leicester and Lewes.

TUESDAY 3 JUNE

Art: The Royal Society of British Artists Summer Exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

Racing at Epsom.

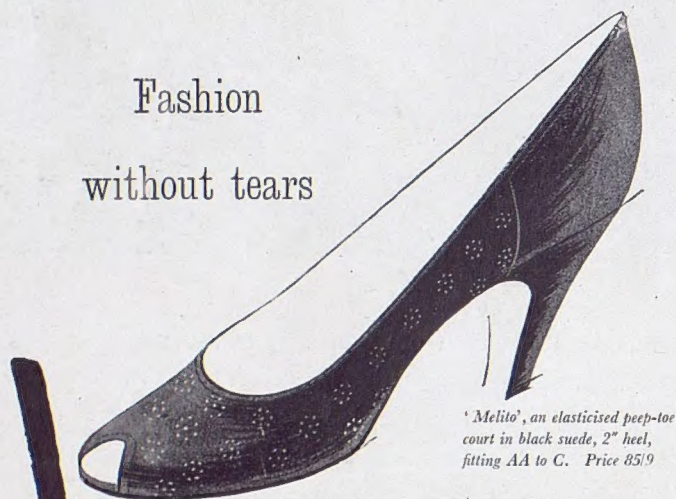
WEDNESDAY 4 JUNE

Racing: Epsom Summer meeting—The Derby.

Display: The Royal Tournament commences at Earls Court.

THE TATLER & BYSTANDER EDITORIAL OFFICES: INGRAM HOUSE 195-8 THE STRAND LONDON W.C.2
CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Fashion
without tears



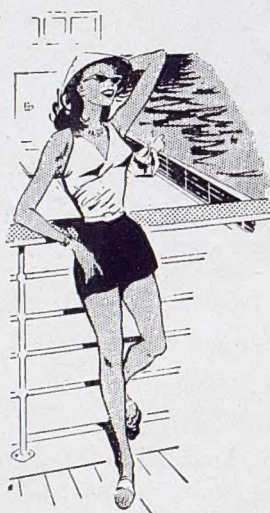
'Melito', an elasticised peep-toe court in black suede, 2" heel, fitting AA to C. Price 85/9

Exciting, inviting Vedettes... a blessing and a boon to you... chic, flattering, comforting. American sizes and fittings... lovely soft leathers, with leather soles too, of course... and the thank-goodness-for-that relief of an arch support strong yet slim as a rapier.

Vedettes

archmoulded by Church's

Fitted at Church's English Shoes (Babers Ltd) 299 OXFORD ST LONDON W.1. Church-Crawshaw, BOURNEMOUTH and branches; A. JONES & SONS, 143 BROMPTON ROAD LONDON S.W.3 and branches; and at other leading shops. For nearest address write Church & Co Ltd., St. James, Northampton



Cruise
in the Sun

with **ROYAL MAIL**
to the MEDITERRANEAN and
NORTHERN CAPITALS
by 'ANDES' (26,000 tons)

June 14	Palermo, Phaleron Bay (for Athens) and Lisbon...	15 days
June 30	Norwegian Fjords and Northern Capitals ...	18 days
July 19	Gibraltar, Villefranche (for Nice and Monte Carlo), Messina (for Taormina) & Palma ...	13 days
Aug. 2	Ceuta, Naples (for Rome) and Barcelona ...	14 days
Aug. 17	Palma, Istanbul, Phaleron Bay (for Athens) & Lisbon...	19 days
Christmas and New Year Cruise		
Dec. 20	Teneriffe, Madeira, Casablanca and Lisbon ...	14 days

Excellent Cuisine enjoyed at leisure—spacious Dining Saloons accommodate all passengers at one time. 'Andes' is equipped with anti-roll stabilisers for greater comfort at sea.

Details from your local Travel Agent or

ROYAL MAIL LINES

Royal Mail House · Leadenhall Street · London EC3 · MAN 0522 · America House · Cocksspur Street · London SW1 · WHI 9640

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCX VIII. No. 2968

28 May 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Fayer-Wien

PERSONALITY

Festival attraction

ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF will be one of the main attractions at the Bath Festival, which opens tomorrow. Judged for either her singing or her beauty, she is among the top half-dozen sopranos in the world. At her recent recital in London's Royal Festival Hall she reduced her audience, in the words of a leading critic, "To helpless, starry-eyed, and wholly devoted admiration."

Born in Berlin 42 years ago, Miss Schwarzkopf studied at the High School for Music there. She made her stage debut at Charlottenburg as one of the Flower Maidens in *Parsifal*. While she was with the Charlottenburg company, she studied Lieder singing, for which she has since become particularly noted. She has been a leading soprano with

the Vienna State Opera House (1944-48) and was principal soprano at La Scala, Milan, in 1951.

Miss Schwarzkopf has many links with England. She spent six months here as a League of Nations student before the war and studied English. She sang at Covent Garden for a season in 1949. Also, Miss Schwarzkopf has an English husband, Mr. Walter Legge, founder of the Philharmonia Orchestra and artistes' manager of the Columbia record firm. Their home in England is at Hampstead.

Miss Schwarzkopf has a wide range of interests outside music—gardening, ski-ing and mountaineering, antiques, painting and sculpting.

**Impey—Moody**

Miss Rachel Moody, daughter of Admiral Sir Clement & Lady Moody, Rushgrove, Fleet, Hants, married Mr. Hugh Edward Impey, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. M. E. Impey, of The Mint House, Rye, Sussex, at St. Mary's Church, Frensham, Surrey

**Skeet—Gilling**

Miss Margaret Gilling, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Montague Hayward Gilling, Lifton, Devon, married Mr. Trevor H. H. Skeet, son of the late Mr. & Mrs. H. M. Skeet, of Auckland, at Lifton Church, Devon

**Good—Moretti**

Miss Caroline Sarah Moretti (left), only daughter of Major & Mrs. C. E. S. Moretti, B.A.O.R., married Capt. Anthony Barrett Good, Royal Tank Regiment, son of Lt.-Colonel & Mrs. S. B. Good, Parley Cross, Dorset, at St. Peter-upon-Cornhill

**Lyster—Gosling**

Miss Gillian Rosemary Gosling (right), elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. M. S. Gosling, Park's, Halstead, married Mr. Guy Lumley Lyster, younger son of Dr. R. G. Lyster, O.B.E., & Mrs. Lyster, of Lances, Kelvedon, Essex, at St. Andrew's Church, Halstead

**Johnson—Rose**

Miss Anna Rose, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Rose, Fairlight, Haverbreaks, Lancaster, married Mr. John Edward Benjamin Johnson, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. Johnson, Halton Green, nr. Lancaster, at the Priory and Parish Church, Lancaster

**Moorhouse—Huxtable**

Miss Elizabeth Huxtable, daughter of Dr. Charles Huxtable, of Broken Hill, New South Wales, married Mr. James Moorhouse, an aeronautical engineer of Chelsea, at Chelsea Old Church. The bride's father is the "flying doctor" for a vast area in Australia

**Young—Smith-Sligo**

Miss Clare Marie Therese Smith-Sligo, only daughter of Captain & Mrs. R. W. Smith-Sligo, Oakley, Fife, married Lt. Thomas Florence Barrow Young, R.N., son of Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Young, Worthy House, Winchester, at St. James's Church, Spanish Place

SOCIAL JOURNAL

The pageantry of a State visit

by JENNIFER

The official State visit of the President of Italy, Signor Gronchi, with his attractive wife Signora Gronchi as guests of the Queen and Prince Philip at Buckingham Palace was marked by three memorable evening parties, among other engagements. There was also the impressive State visit to the City of London, when the President and Signora Gronchi drove in a carriage procession, escorted by a Sovereign's escort of the Household Cavalry, to lunch with the Lord Mayor and Corporation at Guildhall.

On the first evening of their arrival the Queen and Prince Philip gave a State banquet in their guests' honour at Buckingham Palace, at which the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke & Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra of Kent and other members of the Royal Family were present. On the following evening the President and Signora Gronchi entertained the Queen and Prince Philip to dinner at the fine Italian Embassy in Grosvenor Square. The Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke & Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent were again present.

The dinner party, at which there were about 40 guests, was followed by a reception, a very gracious and elegant occasion, to which I had the honour to be invited. Guests were received in the magnificent first floor suite of reception rooms (which are adorned with superb tapestries and Italian furniture) by the President and Signora Gronchi, accompanied by H.E. the Italian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Signor Vittorio Zoppi. Among the guests at dinner had been the Lord Chancellor & Viscountess Kilmuir, the Prime Minister & Lady Dorothy Macmillan, the Lord Privy Seal, Mr "Rab" Butler, and the Lord Chamberlain & the Countess of Scarborough.

The Archbishop was there

Among members of the Diplomatic Corps whom I saw at the reception were the doyen, the Norwegian Ambassador, and Mme. Prehensen, and the Swedish Ambassador and his attractive Italian-born wife Mme. Hägglöf, who were talking to Viscount Hambleden and his tall wife, who is Italian by birth, and was a striking figure in a white dress with a bustle and train. The Archbishop of Canterbury & Mrs. Fisher were present, also the Apostolic Delegate in his scarlet robes, talking to friends. The Queen's Master of the Horse, the Duke of Beaufort, was escorting the Duchess of Beaufort through the rooms greeting friends. The Duke of Beaufort, Earl Mountbatten of Burma (accompanied by Countess Mountbatten), the Earl of Scarborough, General Lord Ismay and several other men present were wearing the picturesque Order of the Garter.

I also met the Earl & Countess of Westmorland, the latter beautiful in yellow satin, Lord & Lady Tryon, the Marquess & Marchioness of Lothian and her mother Mrs. William Carr, the Earl & Countess of Selkirk, the Hon. Michael and Lady Pamela Berry, the Mayor of Westminster & Lady Norton, and the Hon. William Watson-Armstrong and his petite Italian-born wife, who looked lovely in a white dress with a magnificent emerald and diamond necklace. Mr. & Mrs. Watson-Armstrong were talking to H.E. Tristram Alvise Cippico, diplomatic counsellor to the Italian President. The Queen looked beautiful in a white satin dress on which she wore the Italian Order that she had received from President Gronchi the previous day. She also wore her sunray diamond tiara and other lovely jewels. With other members of the Royal Family she came through the



A SOIRÉE was held at the Junior Carlton Club for members and their friends to meet members of the Government. Above: Lady Dorothy Macmillan, wife of the Prime Minister, and Mr. A. J. Croft, chairman of the club. They received the guests

Junior Carlton Soirée



Sir William Murphy, a former Governor of the Bahamas, with his wife. Their home is in Southern Rhodesia



Mr. & Mrs. Oliver Poole. Mr. Poole is deputy chairman of the Conservative party and a director of several city companies



Mrs. Audrey Turnbull, sister of the chairman of the Junior Carlton, with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary



Mr. Ian Harvey, Joint Foreign Under-Secretary, with Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, joint Home Under-Secretary

THE LOWSON BALL

For the first time, the whole of the Savoy Hotel restaurant was taken over for a private dance, when Sir Denys & the Hon. Lady Lowson gave a ball for their débutante daughter Melanie. There was no exotic or exaggerated décor, but masses of beautiful flowers in pastel shades were superbly arranged everywhere. Besides many large vases full of them, a delightful touch was given by sprays of pink and white camellias and pink roses fastened at intervals on the low balustrade around two sides of the restaurant, festooned with pale blue ribbon.

Melanie, the heroine of the evening, made a lovely picture, looking radiant in a long full-skirted dress of palest pink tulle with sprays of apple blossom. She stood beside her mother, who was attractive in a beautiful dress of aquamarine blue satin, to receive the guests. Before the ball Sir Denys and Lady Lowson had a dinner party of just over 50 in the cedar-lined Pinafore room and the Princess Ida room. Guests enjoyed a delicious dinner at a long, winged, candlelit table, with pale pink tablecloth, pink candles in silver candelabra and a low flower arrangement of pink roses, pink carnations and pink sweet peas. Most of their dinner guests were young people, but there were a few older friends who included Lord & Lady McCorquodale, Sir Hartley & Lady Shawcross who were just off to America, Sir Malcolm Sargent who was off next morning to conduct at festivals in Prague and Vienna, Mr. James Gunn and Mr. Alfred Tree from New York.

More than 40 dinner-party hosts and hostesses brought their parties on to the ball. Among these I saw the Marquess & Marchioness of Abergavenny dancing together; his sister the Countess of Cottenham in green escorted by the Earl of Cottenham, Lord & Lady George Scott, Viscountess Erleigh wearing a Grecian white dress, the Hon. Mrs. Skyrme, the Hon. Mrs. John Grimston, Mr. & Mrs. Tadeusz Tobolski, the Hon. Philip & Mrs. Kindersley, Lady Prudence Loudoun, Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Raphael, Mr. Ivan & Lady Edith Foxwell, Mrs. Arthur Nicolle, Viscountess Maitland, Brig. & the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, Mrs. Roger Wethered, Mrs. G. P. S. Macpherson, and Lady Lowson's brother Lord Strathcarron, whose wife missed the ball as she was suffering from the prevalent mumps.

As the dance floor, surrounded by small tables, filled up the scene became dazzling. So many pretty girls were present and all, knowing this would be a special occasion, had put on their prettiest dresses. These were mostly long and full-skirted, and the prevalent fashion of "sacks," "chemises" or "balloons" was happily conspicuous by its absence. Sir Denys and Lady Lowson's elder daughter Miss Gay Lowson, who made her début two years ago, wore a beautiful



Miss Melanie Lowson, for whom the party was given, received the guests with her father, Sir Denys Lowson, and her mother, the Hon. Lady Lowson

white and silver dress which suited her auburn hair. Both Gay and Melanie, who have perfect manners and warm and friendly dispositions, have a host of young friends and there were quite a lot of slightly older girls, who came out with Gay, at the dance. During the evening I heard many remarks to the effect of "what a lot of pretty girls are making their début this year." Looking especially attractive, I thought, were Lady Carolyn Townshend who gets prettier every week (she was in pale pink and white), Miss Penelope Riches in white tulle, Lady Davina Pepys also in white tulle, Miss Tessa Prain in flame-coloured taffeta, Miss Minnie d'Erlanger, Miss Harriet Nares, Miss Zia Foxwell in pale blue, Miss Penelope Graham, Miss Georgina Scott, Miss Gay Foster, Miss Penelope Butler-Henderson, Miss Christa Slater in a pale blue crinoline, Miss Davina Nutting, Miss Caroline Skyrme in white, and Miss Sally Croker Poole.

Other young people enjoying this very good

dance included the Earl of Suffolk just back from a visit to America, Mr. John Adams, Prince Alexander Romanoff, Mr. Miles Huntingdon-Whiteley, Mr. Malcolm Burr, Mr. Lionel Stopford-Sackville, Lord Bingham, Mr. Eddie Dawson, Miss Sarah Johnstone, Miss Sally Hunter, the Hon. Shaun Plunket, Mr. Ian McCorquodale, Mr. John Morel, Miss Deirdre Senior, Miss Sally & Miss Diana Hall, Mr. Peregrine Bertie, the Hon. Prue McCorquodale, Mr. John Wright, and Mr. Peter Glossop.

About midnight an excellent cabaret was given by the coloured artists Harriott & Evans, and compered by Tommy Trinder who was most amusing with a remarkably up-to-date patter. There were also eightsome reels, and about 3 a.m. hundreds of pale pink and pale blue balloons which had been massed all over the ceiling were let loose and floated down over the dance floor. This beautifully organized party, which everyone present will always remember, came to an end about 5 a.m.



Lady Anne Nevill, eldest daughter of the Marquess of Abergavenny, with Mr. Ian Cameron



Miss Sally O'Rorke, débutante daughter of Mrs. Clare O'Rorke, with Mr. David Dickinson

reception rooms and stayed until nearly midnight talking to friends and guests who were presented.

The Earl & Countess of Harewood, the latter in purple chiffon, were present, also the Earl & Countess of Bessborough, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Mr. & Mrs. John Wyndham, Sir Norman & Lady Brook, Field-Marshal Sir Gerald & Lady Templer, Sir Roger & Lady Makins and Sir Laurence & Lady Olivier. I also met the Hon. Neville & Mrs. Berry, the latter chic in white satin, Mrs. Iain Macleod, wife of the Minister of Labour (he was busy fulfilling Parliamentary duties), Cdr. & Mrs. Allan Noble, Sir Frederick & Lady Hoyer Millar who had been among the dinner guests, two of our former Ambassadors to Italy, Sir Noel Charles and Sir Victor Mallet, with Lady Charles and Lady Mallet, Sir William & Lady Hayter, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Jay, the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones & Lady Salisbury-Jones, Major & the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbank, the latter charming in green satin, Sir Norman Gwatkin, Col. Sir Charles & Lady Hambro, Brig. & the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale, Lt.-Gen. Brocas Burrows (he was attached to the President's suite) & Mrs. Brocas Burrows, Sir David & Lady Kelly, Sir Beverley & Lady Baxter and many more, all enjoying this gracious evening.

On the last night of their visit the President and Signora Gronchi dined with the Queen and Prince Philip at Buckingham Palace, then

with their host and hostess went on to the reception given in their honour by the Government at Lancaster House.

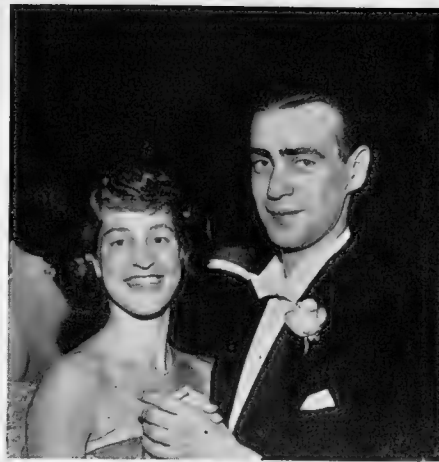
Sir Winston lends a painting

Great interest has been taken in the current exhibition at the O'Hana Gallery in Carlos Place of the works of Paul Maze. This clever and successful artist's zest for living is expressed in his works which include oils, pastels, water-colours and drawings. The exhibition is dedicated to the memory of the late Lord Ivor Churchill, a great art connoisseur, whose widow has lent several of her pictures by Paul Maze for the exhibition. Others who have lent pictures are the Earl and Countess of Durham, Earl De La Warr, Lord Bruntisfield, the Earl of Sandwich, Mme. Jacques Balsan, the Duke of Buccleuch (one of Cowes in 1932) and Sir Winston Churchill (another of Cowes, painted from the guardship the same year). There is a portrait of Sir Winston at work painting, and many racing pictures including some superb ones done at Goodwood during the past 30 years, up to last July.

A unique and most interesting section is that in the patio between the two galleries. Here are numerous paintings of the Household Cavalry and the Brigade of Guards, at the Trooping, at Buckingham Palace, on their way to the Bank of England, and changing guard.



Countess Carolyn Czernin, a débutante this year, with Mr. Robin Napier



Miss Katrine Bernstiel and Prince Alexander Romanoff, a member of Russia's former Imperial family



Mr. Brian Sweeney, the Oxford undergraduate son of the Duchess of Argyll, with Miss Diane Kirk



Sir Hartley Shawcross, the former Attorney-General, with his wife. They live in Sussex

THE TATLER
& Bystander
28 May 1958
451



Desmond O'Neill

The dance programme included Scottish reels, which Miss Lowson (above) danced vigorously with some of her guests

Major-General Sir John Marriott is among those who have taken a keen interest in these regimental pictures and came on his second visit the morning I was there, also Col. Fortescue of the Scots Guards and Brigadier the Hon. Miles Fitzalan-Howard. Sir John was also interested in a copy of Paul Maze's book *A Frenchman In Khaki* (now out of print), which was on view. Possibly few people know that Paul Maze joined the Scots Greys and fought with them in the World War. One ending up a major. He was wounded four times and won the A.C.M., the M.M. with bar and the Croix de Guerre. He is now writing an autobiography which Max Reinhardt is publishing, possibly in the autumn. Among other visitors to this enchanting exhibition, which continues until 7 June, have been the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Hennessy, Countess St. Aldwyn, Countess Jellicoe, Col. Jackie Ward, and Rex Harrison.

A dance in Belgravia

The Earl of Gosford and Lord Hawke stood with the Countess of Gosford and Lady Hawke receiving the guests at the dance they gave jointly for their débutante daughters Lady Caroline Acheson and the Hon. Annabel Hawke at the Anglo-Belgian Club, Belgrave Square. Lovely flowers had been brought up from the country and arranged by Lady Hawke's sister, Mrs. Antony Holland, whom I met at the dance with her husband.

Among older friends present, who had all given dinner parties for the dance, I met the Marquess & Marchioness Townshend the latter attractive in red, Sir Denys & the Hon. Lady Lowson, Mr. & Mrs. Roger Hall, Mr. & Mrs. Uvedale Lambert, Lady Hyde Parker, and Mrs. Trevelyan Napier. Among the young people dancing I saw the Hon. Mary Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Sarah Lambert in red, Lady Teresa Onslow, Miss Elizabeth Hyde Parker wearing a cream tulle stole with her pastel evening dress, the Hon. Gail Mitchell-Thomson, Lady Fiona Crichton-

Stuart, Miss Anne Napier and Miss Celia Wenger, and a number of young men.

Visitors to Epsom in Derby week, 3-6 June, will see many welcome improvements. First, the kink in the rails of the Five Furlong straight has been straightened, resulting in the enlargement of the Silver Ring, Tattersalls and the club enclosures. The members' enclosure is now all lawn, which will be a boon to our feet! The winners' enclosure has been re-sited within the unsaddling enclosure so that a good view is possible from all points, and all approaches to the unsaddling enclosure have been improved. Temporary gates are to be erected—it is hoped in time for this meeting—either side of the Rubbing House Crossing where the road crosses the course between the stands and paddock, which should make the journey to see the horses less of a hazard; and finally members may now introduce gentlemen guests on all days other than Derby Day. All we want now is fine weather, and the possibility of a Royal victory, to make a wonderful Derby week.

Cocktail quartet

On a recent evening I had a busy couple of hours fitting in four cocktail parties. The first two were for débutantes. I started the evening in the beautiful setting of the Old Hall of Lincoln's Inn, where Sir George & Lady Coldstream gave a party for his attractive daughter Miss Rosamund Coldstream. Here were also a number of older friends mostly from the legal world. These included the Lord Chancellor Viscount Kilmuir, the Lord Mayor & Lady Mayoress Sir Denis & Lady Truscott, Lord Evershed, Lord & Lady Birkett, Lord Goddard, Sir John Beaumont the oldest bencher, Sir Harry & Lady Hylton-Foster, Lord & Lady Merriman, the Hon. Ben Bathurst and his wife, the Mayor of Westminster & Lady Norton, Mr. & Mrs. Compton-Miller, Lord & Lady Cohen and Lord & Lady Morton of Henryton. The many young guests included



Armstrong-Jones

STUDYING SINGING with Dino Borgioli is Miss Jennifer Burness, who is having her coming-out party at the Dorchester in a fortnight's time. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. George Kenneth Burness. Her father is a member of Lloyd's and a company chairman; her aunt is film-star Patricia Medina

Lady Coldstream's two sons Mr. Hamlyn and Mr. Kenneth Whitty, Mr. Ian Stuart Brown, Miss Fiona MacCarthy, the Hon. Penelope Allsopp, Miss Teresa Hayter, Miss Virginia Robertson, Miss Gay Foster and Miss Jennifer Burness.

Next I looked in for a very short while at the Savoy where Mr. and Mrs. Lawley and their débutante daughter Penelope, attractive in a flowered taffeta dress, were receiving guests. The first people I met were Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip & Lady Joubert de la Ferte. The latter told me she is once again chairman of a dance at the Guards Boat Club in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., which takes place on 3 October. Mr. & Mrs. Edgar Lawley were at their niece's party, also Sir Charles & Lady Cunningham, Lord & Lady Evans and Cicely Courtneidge. Among younger guests were Mr. Roderick Buller, Mr. Marcus & Miss Caroline Edwards, Mr. Paul & Miss Alexandra Goudime who are having a dance on 6 June, Lady Davina Pepys, Mr. Rodney Greville-Collins, Miss Mary Bridgeman, Miss Serena & Miss Fiona Fairfax and Miss Vanessa Beauchamp.

From here I went on to what the invitation described as "A Thé Dansant" where I found "thé" meant cocktails! This little party was given in Christabel, Lady Aberconway's lovely house in North Audley Street by Mr. George Weidenfeld to celebrate the publication of *The Sweet And Twenties* by Beverley Nichols. Many of the guests had come dressed in knee-length fringed waistless dresses with long necklaces, and were hectically Charlestoning to a small band of collegiates wearing striped blazers and straw boaters.

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, in a modern short blue dress, was dancing with her son the present Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, and I saw Mrs. Anthony Kinsman partnering Mr. Jack Heinz, whose pretty wife was talking to Mrs. Jackie Ward. Lord & Lady Melchett, Mr. Anthony Kinsman, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Fraser,

Miss Vanessa Jebb an energetic dancer, Mr. Tony Marreco, Lord Kinross and Sir Michael Duff were among those I saw before I left for a delightful party which Baron & Baroness de Westenholz gave in Hertford Street. Although I arrived late I still met a lot of friends here including Mr. & Mrs. Edward Courage; he trains his own chasers and his grand mare Tiberetta has filled the third and second places in two consecutive Grand Nationals. I also saw Mrs. Edward Barford, who told me her husband is making a good recovery from his recent operation, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Butler Adams just back from an interesting trip to Australia (returning via America), Diana Lady Avebury, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maydwell and Countess Jellicoe. Later that evening I went on to the Italian President's

reception, about which I have written earlier.

Ball to help an English team

The lovely Countess of Westmorland is chairman of the Empire Games Ball to be held at Grosvenor House on 9 July. She is a great worker for any good cause she supports, and with her husband has a big circle of friends who are sure to help to make this an amusing evening.

The funds are needed to send a strong English team to the British Empire and Commonwealth Games at Cardiff from 18-26 July, and to act as hosts to Empire and Commonwealth teams during London Welcome Week, 28 July to 5 August. Tickets for the ball, which I am sure will be one of the best of the London Season, from the Countess of Westmorland, 9 Park Place, St. James's, S.W.1.

Sir Winston and Lady Churchill are again opening their gardens at Chartwell to help two good causes. On 11 June the grounds will be open on behalf of the Westerham Local Churches and on 19 July in aid of the Y.W.C.A.—from 10.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. in each case. Chartwell, near Westerham in Kent, is within easy distance of London; it would also make a nice run in a car for visitors from overseas.



AT EASE Sir John Elliot (left), chairman of London Transport, took time off from his pre-occupations with the London bus strike for a party in the Trianon Bar of the Golden Arrow express to launch his book, *The Way Of The Tumbrils*. He introduced this bar when he was a Southern Railway executive. With him above is Mr. Thomas Joy, president of the Booksellers' Association. Below: General Sir Brian Robertson, Bt., chairman of the British Transport Commission, who has just averted a national rail strike, photographed with his wife at their home in the Cotswolds. He is the son of Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, C.I.G.S. in World War One



Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, laid the foundation-stone of a new nursing home in Kensington for the Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association



P. C. Palmer



NEWS PORTRAITS



DIPL MAT The new Japanese Ambassador in London, Mr. Katsuo Ohno (*above*), presented his credentials to the Queen. Mr. Ohno, who is 53, was formerly Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs in Tokyo. As he left for the Palace he was watched by his wife (*below*), wearing the traditional Japanese kimono



HOST In Beirut, where a curfew was imposed after anti-Government riots, the Lebanese President, M. Camille Chamoun, recently entertained the King & Queen of Greece at a reception during their state visit. *Above*: King Paul, Madame Camille Chamoun, Queen Frederika, Madame Danny Chamoun (formerly Patti Morgan, the London model), M. Danny Chamoun and the President



SAILOR Don Juan de Borbon y Battemberg, Count of Barcelona, son of the late King Alfonso XIII and Pretender to the Spanish throne, sailed his 72-ft. yacht *Saltillo* across the Atlantic from Lisbon to Nassau in 48 days. He is returning by way of Bermuda and New York. The Marquis de Povar (*right*) is a member of the crew and the navigator is Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Rattray



Royal Crescent is a splendid example of the Georgian style architecture for which the city is famous

BATH

The Georgian city tries 1958 publicity

by KENNETH GREGORY

To revive interest in its ancient glories, Bath is launching a festival in which the attractions take in modern art, antiques, hot jazz and classical concerts

BERNARD SHAW once likened Bath to Bayreuth. But whereas Bayreuth concentrates on Wagner, the 1958 Bath Festival (which starts tomorrow) combines Menuhin and Mick Mulligan, Schwarzkopf and Johnny Dankworth, Stern and Chris Barber, Gielgud and Humphrey Lyttelton. The artistes are not appearing as coupled—or Sir John might have astonished himself by bursting into “O that Shakespeherian Rag.”

When Swinburne gazed on Bath he wrote: “Like a queen enchanted.” Today the squat Admiralty hutments that command the entrance to the city and the 11-storey skyscraper in the valley below suggest that the queen is contemplating abdication. At least that supreme town-planner John Wood might think so. He intended his South Parade, where Sheridan’s Jack Absolute ventured with sword under great-coat, to be subordinate to “a Grand Place of Assembly to be called the Royal Forum of Bath.” But the city fathers of two centuries back deemed

the scheme “chimerical.” So the Forum failed to materialize and a sunken garden appeared in its place. Now the garden has blossomed into a car park.

And if you seek further evidence that the age of Whig oligarchy accommodates itself uneasily to the century of the Common Man then note the espresso bar on Adam’s Pulteney Bridge.

One still passes from the Roman Baths to the Crescents with an awareness of the harmony that governs the whole; nothing is mechanical or arbitrary but seems to grow out of the ground. Such is Georgian Bath whose fame lingers on long after the city outlived its purpose. Today Georgian is even used as a term of abuse and if the council consisted of aesthetes the suicide rate there would be high.

“There is nothing in Rome or the world to equal it,” wrote Landor of the Circus and Queen Square. He might have been referring to the Comic Muse that continues to

dwelt in Bath despite the departure of Sheridan and Jane Austen. How else can one account for the Bath Assembly and the Sydney Gardens Pleasure Park? Of the Assembly—“a festival for the young of all ages”—Mr. Hope-Wallace asked if the young of any age need be fobbed off with the second-rate. It was an arts festival run by the city fathers, and it catered not for high-brows (who seem suspect in Bath) but for men in the street. This meant that if you engaged Barbirolli you had also to engage Geraldo or Arthur Askey. Even so, the man in the street muttered “Culture!” and in due course the Assembly passed serenely away, to be remembered only for its debts.

Then three years ago Mr. Ian Hunter was summoned to the city to have a go. Sir Thomas Beecham and Mr. Oliver Messel were responsible for an exquisite production of Grétry’s *Zemire et Azor* which suggested that Bath might scoop the world and celebrate Mozart’s bicentenary with a

Beecham *Figaro*. Alas, the city fathers took one glance at the balance sheet and the May Festival was buried by the side of the Assembly.

Let none think that inspiration had failed the council. Indeed they had beheld the example of Blackpool and declared it good. So the Sydney Gardens Pleasure Park was devised, complete with beer tent (often picketed by ladies of the local Temperance League) and skittles, dancing in the mud and a model gorilla clad in red trousers. After six seasons, and a loss that would probably have financed a Beecham *Figaro*, the Gardens scheme drifted into limbo, too.

But the authorities do not give up easily. There was a struggle with the National Trust over the restoration of the war-damaged Assembly Rooms, a suite of incomparable beauty. The city opposed restoration. It wanted a block of offices or, at worst, a concert-conference hall. But the last time Beecham conducted and Arrau played in the city's medium-size cinema there were hundreds of empty seats. And since Bath also lacks hotel accommodation for conference delegates the official case was doomed from the start.

In 1919, Bath housed 12 generals and 38 colonels—to whom the street directory devoted a special section. It remained a well-ordered, if semi-feudal, alliance between *Burke's Peerage* and the Army and Navy Lists until the Hitler war. Then hordes of civil servants descended on the city. So today the alliance is between bureaucracy and light industry, an increasing number of multiple shops and a dance hall which pays homage to the past by excluding persons in unconventional dress. The annual Horse Show has folded up, the Rugby club's Saturday attendances are 2,000 down on the prewar average, and whenever the perfect Theatre Royal offers a masterpiece the manager thinks longingly of the pantomime season.

C. B. Cochran's vision of Bath as the English Salzburg is no longer taken seriously, save perhaps by the Chamber of Commerce who have taken round the hat for tomorrow's festival. Hotels are the key to Bath's changed position. In 1939 there were four marked ****; now there are five marked ***. A small hotel is to be converted into a radio shop, and two of the larger ones are to be turned into flats. Recalling the fate of the old Spa Hotel, reopened after the war in all its finery but soon shut and then sold as a nurses' hostel, one realizes that the days will never return when Bath's visitors were named in the weekly paper with mere baronets well down the list.

Wood's great plan was frustrated by foolishness, the magnoperative Abercrombie Plan of 1945 by lack of funds. A pity, because to stand on the southern hill in early morning and watch the Crescents rise suddenly above the mist is an unforgettable experience. Of course if one wishes to be really controversial one may recall that when Bernard Shaw likened Bath to Bayreuth it was because he thought little of either. Still, is there any other arts festival in Europe which offers a great actor speaking Shakespeare together with a whole week of jazz? Doubtless Beau Nash, that *elegantiae arbiter* and always a shrewd man of business, would have seen the point of this.

FESTIVAL ANTIQUES

The Octagon, in Bath's famous Milsom Street, has been newly redecorated for an exhibition of antiques from private collections



Portrait of a "Young Lady In Pink Dress" painted by Thomas Gainsborough (c. 1763) during the years he lived in Bath



Above: Bow porcelain Chinoiserie group, inspired by Watteau. The central figure is the goddess Ki Mao Sao



Right: An English gold box, dated 1811, chased with scrolls, with enamel inset of Lady Conyngham



Above: The "Dragonetti" Stradivari, more than 250 years old



Right: A George II mahogany commode, with serpentine front, and chased gilt-metal mounted corners

The Royal Caledonian Ball



THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL (the 110th) was held at Grosvenor House. Leading the dancers down for the set reels (*right to left*): the Duke of Atholl, Lady Malvina Murray, Captain John Anderson, Lady Gillian Anderson, Major David Butter and Miss Serena Murray



The Hon. Patrick Penny, son of Viscount Marchwood, and Miss Diane Kirk, a débutante



Lord Montgomerie, son of the Earl of Eglinton & Winton, with Miss Tessa Prain, another débutante



Proceeds of the ball helped the Royal Scottish Corporation, the Royal Caledonian Schools and other Scottish charities. Above: Mr. Alasdair MacInnes of the Cameron Highlanders, with Lady Carolyn Townshend

Van Hallan



Viscount & Viscountess Stormont. He is the son of the Earl & Countess of Mansfield



Viscountess Savernake formerly Miss Edwina Wills, of the tobacco family. Her husband is the grandson of the Marquess of Ailesbury



Major MacGregor Yr. of MacGregor, 1st Bn. Scots Guards, with Mrs. MacGregor



Mr. J. G. MacNish-Porter with Miss Caroline Gilchrist. They were partners in the Highland Light Infantry element of the set reels

Below: Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, Bt., secretary of the Royal Caledonian Ball Committee, with Lady Ogilvy. She was chairman of the set-reel committee



Tidworth Horse Trials



THE TIDWORTH ONE-DAY HORSE TRIALS were held at Tidworth Park, Wilts, in stormy weather. Lt. I. Straker (above) taking one of the jumps on Gilhooly



Brig. R. W. Hobson, chairman of the Tidworth Saddle Club, with the Duke of Gloucester and General Sir George Erskine (G.O.C. Southern Command), who was patron of the event

ROUNABOUT

by MARGOT CROSSE

Thanks for that lovely weekend

BRING unpacked for, and not knowing how much to tip the butler having ceased to cloud the happy prospect of a weekend in the country. The worst problems the uncertain guest has to face now are: who suggests when it is bedtime? And, when the hostess offers breakfast in bed, should one answer "Yes"? Also, of course, how to include in a reasonably sized suitcase complete equipment for possible cocktail parties, a little light gardening, and a day's fishing. Aprons for washing-up are usually on the house.

There remains the subsequent expression of thanks. . . .

To write a bread-and-butter letter in the train on the homeward journey is thought by some hostesses to be insulting. It is too immediate a riposte, a too blatantly quick discharge of all obligation, and—if it is accompanied by a request to forward a forgotten shooting-stick (than which no more awkward parcel can be conceived)—it is unlikely to produce a further invitation.

If the letter is delayed, however, the diplomatic language in which forgetfulness must be concealed is liable to prove non-water-holding.

"I did not write at once, as I wanted to savour again for a few days the pleasurable memory of my happy weekend with you, before trying to express—so inadequately—my thanks in words."

Anyone who could be taken in by THAT would need, as they say in the country, to have his head examined. The irony that it may all be true is neither here nor there.



THE ROUNABOUT AUTHOR this week is a spare-time journalist who writes verse and has won several literary competitions. Her husband is a retired brigadier who farms 160 acres in Devon

As for telephoning one's thanks, that is just "not on." What could be more aggravating, as one counts out the extra sheets and towels for the laundry, collects the moribund guest-room flowers to redistribute in the darker corners of the sitting-room (with aspirin added) and allots the remains of the luxury soap to the family bathroom, than to be summoned by that agitated and ill-timed *burr-burr* to receive the gratitude of those whose very traces one is now so busily expunging?

Science holds over us the promise, or threat, that one day we shall see as well as hear, be seen as well as heard. The horrors of having to put on a face as well as a voice (and—so unselective in its timing is the telephone—probably a bath-towel as well), make our present circumstances enviable by contrast. Vocal simpering *may* get across, but a mud-pack, and pads of iced cotton-wool on the eyelids must assuredly destroy illusion.

The Letter, with all its hazards, seems likely to remain the permanent medium of gratitude.

Heavens, how difficult it all is!

In early infancy, a given formula eased



Mrs. J. Emms, with Lt.-Col. & Mrs. S. M. P. Conway. Col. Conway was the Trials' medical officer



Capt. H. Dalzell-Payne of the 7th Hussars, with Capt. W. Wilson Fitzgerald and Mrs. N. H. Birbeck

THE TATLER
& Bystander
28 May 1958
459



Mrs. R. Dallas, whose husband was a show jumping judge, and Miss J. Pontifex



Mrs. Reggie Pratt, from Salisbury, with two friends from Ireland, Miss Frankie Boylan and Miss Grania Bevan



Lt.-Col. P. T. Tower and Lt.-Col. C. T. Llewellyn-Palmer, members of the Tidworth Saddle Club committee, with Lady Erskine



Capt. & Mrs. C. T. R. Leefe, and Mrs. Newsam, whose husband competed in the trials on Vagabond

our paths. "Thank you for having me, and Mother said I was to say that I had enjoyed myself very much" was our verbatim rendering of either a too-well remembered briefing (*in absentia*) or our interpretation of a maternal nudge and accompanying whisper; but honour was satisfied. The shades of the prison-house soon closed in, and Boring Days in particular dawned sullen andinky.

After arid hours of pen-dipping, it was beyond bearing to have to start again because the maternal censorship had cut out our ecstatic description of other and more luxurious gifts, when we had thanked—as we considered adequately—a maiden aunt for a Savings Certificate. The Christmas surfeit, already playing havoc with our stomachs, went to our tempers, and tantrums (up to eight years) and moods (thereafter) supervened.

In later teenage, the telephone sufficed for contemporaries, but the parental veto, still in force, ruled it out for our older patrons. Nor might we use the typewriter. This was thought to be too impersonal. How erroneous a judgment that was is one of the few certainties that age has since confirmed. There is nothing (but NOTHING!) in common with the sort of typed communications I receive from business firms, and the letters I send out to those of my friends who will still stand for it.

"Dear Mary," for instance, I intend to write, "I can't thank you enough. . . ." But it comes out as =%3@4; @46= 8 3/4@-5 5£@-? 697 3-97:£ I never can remember to release the fig anchor after typing the date. But surely there is something intriguingly symbolic about these hieroglyphics—and perhaps, to those who study such things, even some revealingly sinister

fixation in that central pound sign, the uncertain question mark, and the recurring insistence on equality? It is definitely NOT impersonal.

So what?

None of the "Do-it-Yourself" pamphlets guide us. There are no articles to lean on in the women's magazines, no matter how skilfully and comprehensively they can instruct us (with diagrams) to make kneeling pads out of disused hot-water-bottles, or advise us whether the man in the office who makes passes at us should be brushed off or encouraged. And Mother's formula went to the Jumble Sale with our spotted muslins and watered silk sashes.

Perhaps, after all, we can do no better—ball-point and several days' gracious "time for remembering" in hand—than to start our letters with the accepted confession of utter failure: "I can't thank you enough. . . ."



BRIGGS



by Graham

FAMILY TREES—3



The First Sea Lord with his daughter Lady Pamela Mountbatten

The Mountbatten story

by L. G. PINE



Desmond O'Neill

The Duke and Duchess of Rutland at the reception after their wedding at Caxton Hall



Lord John Manners, the bridegroom's brother, and Lady Isabel Throckmorton



Mrs. Charles Sweeny and Lady John Manners, the bridegroom's sister-in-law

THE RUTLAND WEDDING

JENNIFER writes: Mr. Charles Sweeny and the Duchess of Argyll, who wore a white organza dress with big black polka dots and a large black velvet hat, received the guests, along with Kathleen Duchess of Rutland, in brown lace and chiffon, at the Claridge's reception after the marriage of their daughter, Miss Frances Sweeny, to the Duke of Rutland. The new Duchess looked beautiful in a dress of blush-pink organza with pink ostrich feathers just showing below the hem, and a crescent head-dress of pale pink ostrich feather tips. The reception was not until 5.30 p.m., and it would be easier to say who was absent than who was present, so many friends packed the ballroom and the adjacent room where a band played for dancing.

I saw the bride's grandfather Mr. George Whigham, her brother Mr. Brian Sweeny, the Duke of Argyll, and the bridegroom's brothers Lord John and Lord Roger Manners. Also the Duke & Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke & Duchess of Bedford, Lord & Lady

Dynevor, Viscount & Viscountess Ednam, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Mr. & Mrs. Jack Heinz who are in London for three weeks (not their usual 48 hours!).

There was a very large number of Frances' young friends, many of whom came out the same season. I saw the Hon. Diana Herbert, pretty in red, Miss Penny Knowles, Miss Penny d'Erlanger, Mr. Paul Channon, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, Mr. Christopher Wells, the Hon. Dominic Elliot, and Miss Dawn Lawrence escorted by Mr. Donald Marr. Young marrieds included Sir Vivyan & the Hon. Lady Naylor-Leyland, Major & Mrs. Michael Naylor-Leyland, the Hon. Peter & Mrs. Ward, Mr. & Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, Mr. & Mrs. Billy Abel Smith, and Mr. & Mrs. Robin Stormonth-Darling.

After the Duke & Duchess of Rutland had cut their wedding cake Mr. Jocelyn Hambro proposed their health, and when they left for their honeymoon they were piped away by the Duke of Argyll's private piper.

OF SOME FAMILIES it can truly be said that they have never known what it is to be other than prominent in public life. Such is the Mountbatten family. Its present head is the 3rd Marquess of Milford Haven, while Earl Mountbatten of Burma is a distinguished cadet of the line.

The surname Mountbatten dates only from 1917, when it was adopted by royal licence following the request of King George V that H.S.H. Prince Louis of Battenberg should relinquish his Germanic titles, and assume British ones. But the line of ancestry of the Mountbatten family goes back to a remote period in the history of western Europe. It has been said that when the mists of the early Middle Ages clear away the ancestors of the present representatives are to be found as soldier-statesmen maintaining order in parts of what are now Belgium and Luxembourg. Gislebert was Count in the country of the Meuse in 841 when he married Irmgard the daughter of the Emperor Lothair, grandson of the Emperor Charlemagne.

His marriage was at first frowned on, because he had abducted the lady. But in due course his father-in-law became accustomed to the idea and he was able to pass on an augmented territory to the sons of the runaway marriage. They were Counts of Hainault and of Louvain, and one of them, Joscelin de Louvain, married the heiress of William de Percy and became the ancestor of the Percys, Dukes of Northumberland.

Henry I (surnamed the Warrior), Duke of Brabant, fought at the head of his Brabantine knights in the Holy Land as one of the leaders of the Third Crusade with King Richard Coeur-de-Lion. In due course the Mountbattens became Landgraves of Hesse. One of the most famous of them, Philip I (the Magnanimous), took a leading part in the organization and defence of the Reformation in Europe. He was one of the signatories of the original Protest from which Protestantism was named. He also was active in other directions, as when he contracted a second and bigamous marriage with the assistance of Luther.

The Landgraves became Grand Dukes of Hesse and the 3rd son of the Grand Duke Louis II was a distinguished general in the Russian and Austrian service. It was his son who became the first Marquess of Milford Haven and assumed the name of Mountbatten. He had a distinguished career in the British Navy, becoming an Admiral of the Fleet, and his son Earl Mountbatten of Burma, now First Sea Lord, has repeated this naval success. Earl Mountbatten has also held command over larger numbers of soldiers and airmen, as well as seamen, in his wartime Far East commands than probably the bulk of his most distinguished ancestors.

Prince Philip's surname is Mountbatten, but he acquired it when he became naturalized in 1947. His father was Prince Andrew of Greece. Prince Philip renounced all rights of succession to the Greek and Danish thrones and took the surname of his uncle, Lord Mountbatten.



Miss Anne Greenaway with Mr. Noel Page-Turner, who is at Cirencester Agricultural College. Her father, Sir Derek Greenaway, is M.F.H. of the Old Surrey & Burstow

A dance at the Anglo-Belgian Club

The Countess of Gosford and Lady Hawke gave a dance, at the Anglo-Belgian Club in Belgrave Square, for their daughters Lady Caroline Acheson and the Hon. Annabel Hawke. Left: The Earl of Gosford, joint Foreign Under-Secretary, Lady Caroline Acheson, the Countess of Gosford, the Hon. Annabel Hawke, Lord & Lady Hawke



Mr. Michael Burges, who works with a firm of Irish linen manufacturers, and Miss Anne Napier. She is at an art school in London



Miss Miranda Smiley, who lives in Scotland, Mr. Patrick Penny, and Miss Hélène de Bosmelet, who lives in Paris

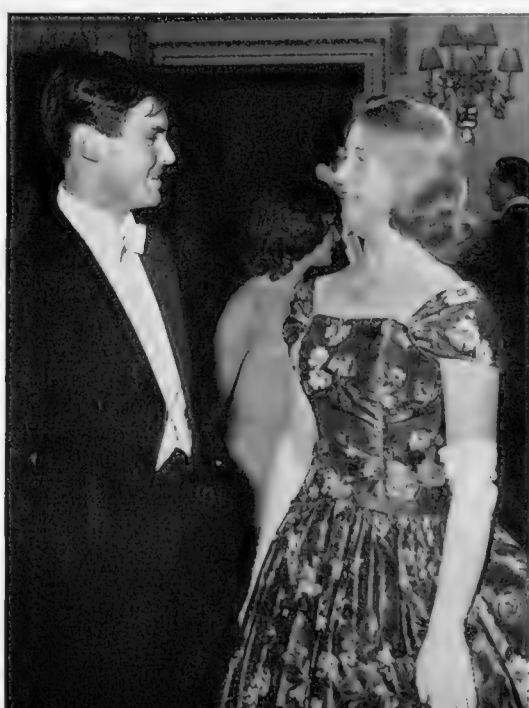


Miss Rosamond Alexander-Sinclair, Mr. Robert Erskine, son of Gen. Sir George Erskine, Miss Anne Bacon, and Mr. Timothy Burnett

Mr. David Morley, who lives in Hampshire and hunts with the Vine, and Miss Christa Slater

Mr. George Bathurst Norman, who is studying law at Oxford, and Miss Catherine Hawke

Miss Teresa Hayter, daughter of Sir William Hayter (the former British Ambassador in Moscow), with Mr. Jeremy Bradford



It was nearly called the Bunbury

A DERBY APPRECIATION BY DENZIL BATCHELOR

THEY say (and I believe them) that the 12th Earl of Derby and Sir Charles Bunbury, the uncrowned Czar of the Turf, tossed up in 1780 to decide after which of them the new race over Epsom Downs was to be named. Lord Derby won; and I sometimes wonder if the guinea had fallen heads instead of tails whether we would still be venerating the Bunbury Stakes as the greatest race in the world; and, if so, would W. S. Gilbert have named the chief character in *Patience* Derby instead of Bunbury?

But if Derby won the toss, Bunbury won the race. We don't know anything about that event—how much his horse won by, nor any detail of the running. All we know is that later Diomed, the first winner, retired to stud at a fee of 5 guineas, was then sold for 50 guineas to become an American migrant, lived till he was 40, and sired so many champions that he was known as the "Father of the American Turf," and was as widely mourned as Abraham Lincoln himself.

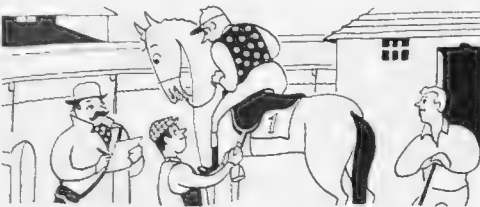
Such were the origins of indisputably the greatest horse race in the world, though a certain Shah of Persia in the 'twenties uncomprehendingly remarked at Epsom, after watching half a million lunatics become frenzied with ecstasy and grief: "In Persia we know that one horse runs faster than others, but we do not go to these lengths to find out which."

The Derby has produced the most fantastic race in history, and the most dramatic. The most fantastic was the Derby of 1844. Everyone calls it Running Rein's Derby; and few can tell you the name of the winner, which was Orlando. There was a plot, that year, of gigantic skulduggery. The favourite, Ratan, was poisoned till his coat turned blue and he ran like a goat. Then a horse called Leander (certainly four, if not five or six years old) was to win the race; while Running Rein (a four-year-old "ringer," in reality a colt named Maccabeus) was to finish second. It was a foolproof arrangement. In this way, there could be no protest from the owner of the second, due to split the harvest with the owner of the winner.

But by the most astonishing accident in the history of the race, Running Rein ran into Leander and cut his back sinew; so that the destined winner was destroyed on

the course. Running Rein went on to be first past the post, but the stewards ordered that the Stakes were not to be paid until the law had decided who had won the Derby of 22 May, 1844. You see, Lord George Bentinck, the Turf's great reformer, was certain that the first horse was not really Running Rein. He set to work to prove it; and the final link in the chain of evidence was his discovery that the horse's trainer, Goodman Levi—inaptly known as "Goody"—had bought a bottle of ladies' hair dye from Rossi's shop in Regent Street which had rendered Maccabeus's disguise complete.

The most exciting race, surely, was the 1949 Derby. The ageing Leon Volterra had a lifelong ambition: to win the Derby. He had in Amour Drake just the horse to do the job. Volterra had also a heart disease so serious that he was unable to go to Epsom. He had to listen to a broadcast on the sofa of his flat near the Etoile, where a year or



two later Suzy Volterra, his widow, told me the story of that fatal and fantastic half-hour.

You may remember what happened in the race: how Nimbus, the Guineas winner, got the run on the rails; how Amour Drake on the stand side was pushed further and further out, till in the last furlong his jockey decided to lose lengths by cutting inside to get a clear run—and was a bare head behind at the post. The story the world was told was that Leon Volterra died from a heart attack as he heard that he had been so unluckily robbed of his life's ambition by inches.

But the story Suzy Volterra told me was far more amazing and dramatic even than that. Lying on the sofa, Leon Volterra heard it all: he saw in his imagination the field tit-titupping to the start, the tapes flash up, the horses go up past the wood and show in silhouette against the great arc of sky, then turn down the hill—a jumble of jewel-bright colours and satin coats. He heard the drum of hoofbeats as they swung at Tattenham Corner and stretched out for the straight. He knew that the leaders were Nimbus, on the rails, and his own horse pushed out on the stand side.

Then—with the winning post in sight—he fainted. When he came to, the race was over: the wireless was turned off. There was a moment of silence as deep as the end of the world. Then his wife held out her arms

to him. "Leon," she exclaimed, "You've won the Derby!" And then he died.

And so to this year's race, surely the most open Derby since Never Say Die came home in '54 at 33 to one. The result of the Guineas suggests that we must look outside that field for the winner, perhaps to York and the Dante Stakes; or to Lingfield, where Tulyar first proved himself a great horse in the Derby Trial. Neither Pall Mall nor Major Portion is a Derby runner, and the only English horse to inspire the least flicker of confidence in the Guineas was Nagami, who was at least running on at the finish. Even though he hardly looks a Derby winner, he should certainly do better over a mile and a half than over a mile.

Val D'Oissans was only just beaten by Nagami for third place; and there will be much better French horses at Epsom than this game animal, which makes one wonder whether 1958 will be the sixth triumph since the war of a French colt in our greatest race.

Capt. Boyd-Rochfort has a strong hand in Her Majesty's Miner's Lamp, and Alcide, son of that queer-looking, lion-hearted Alyceidon who won the Ascot Gold Cup from Black Tarquin, the 1948 St. Leger winner and about the best-looking racehorse I ever saw in my life. The Queen's Miner's Lamp has already won the Blue Riband Trial Stakes, over part of the Derby course, and immediately after the Guineas was installed as Derby favourite, though I imagine any bookmaker with special knowledge of French intentions did not actually sweat blood at booking bets at ten to one.

What a frabjous day it will be if the Queen wins on 4 June! Only once since the triumph of Sir Charles Bunbury's pink and white stripes and black cap, has a reigning monarch won the Derby. George IV and Edward VII won the race as Prince of Wales (the latter twice); but only King Edward was to come down from the throne to lead in the winner when Minoru won in 1909. That was, perhaps, as exciting a race as any; for the winner led from Louviers two strides from the post, and was behind one stride after the finish.

If 1958 isn't to be a Royal year, Epsom may well be the scene of a French victory. Love Boy won his first and only race as a two-year-old like a pastmaster toying with 16 tyros, but lost admirers when finishing fifth in the Prix Hocquart on soft going. Mme. Volterra's Noel II and Wallaby II are two chief dangers. The former was not raced as a two-year-old but won like a champion on his first appearance in the Prix Noailles. The colt, entered only for the Derby and St. Leger, cost the record sum of £7,500 as a yearling at the Deauville Sales in 1956.

To sum up: our prayers are for a Royal win; our fears are of a French victory; our hopes are for a sunny day at all costs.

MADAME SUZY VOLTERRA



CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD, C.V.O



THE TATLER
& Bystander
28 May 1958
463

Mr. Richard Graham, formerly with the 40th Commando group in Cyprus, and Miss Pamela Strickland-Skailes. They are looking at a family tree



Mr. Richard Cornwall-Legh, with Miss Penelope Butler-Henderson. His father is a magistrate at Lymm, Warrington



Mr. Neil Nicholson, who is a stockbroker, with Miss Virginia Robertson. Her parents live in Hampshire

Mr. Richard Beale, who is in his family's multiple food-store business, with Miss Julia Cornwall-Legh. She is studying operatic singing



A. V. Swaabe
ASTON HALL, Staffs, a moated house dating back to the 11th century, and mentioned in the Domesday Book, was the setting of the dance given by Mrs. Henry Wenger for her daughter, Miss Celia Wenger. Above: Miss Celia Wenger with her parents, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Wenger

IN A MOATED HOUSE



Miss Sandra Farley with Mr. Hugh Bidwell. His father is a director of a firm of wine shippers



Miss Stephanie Todd with Lord Stafford. His home is at Swynerton Park, Stone

A goldfish pond was the centre-piece of the marquee where the dancing took place. Under the dance floor was an ancient underground passage. Above: Mr. John Horsley, Miss Susan Doughty-Wylie, Mr. Robert Constable-Maxwell, son of the High Sheriff for Leicestershire, Mlle. Helene de Bosemelet, an art student. Behind: Miss Candy Seymour-Smith and Mr. John Roach, who is in the Army





Mr. A. J. Corben-Brown and Mr. & Mrs. L. H. Lacy-Hulbert. Mr. Lacy-Hulbert owns the yacht Sandpiper and heads an engineering firm



THE
TATLER

At the Royal Windsor Horse Show



The Duchess of Beaufort presented the trophy to Mr. B. A. Selby for His Grand Excellency who won the heavyweight hunter class and hunter championship

Miss Ailsa Smith-Maxwell and Lord Graves, a well-known racegoer, who is 81 this year

Mrs. Geoffrey Cross, whose husband is chairman of the Show, with Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Anthony Meredith Hardy. Col. Meredith Hardy commands the Household Cavalry



I went to the opening day (*Jennifer writes*) of the Royal Windsor Horse Show in the Home Park of Windsor Castle. This is always one of the best run and most enjoyable Horse Shows of the season and much of its success is due to the President the Duke of Beaufort, and to the go-ahead chairman, Mr. Geoffrey Cross. The Queen was present with other members of the Royal Family for the evening session on the second day, which is floodlit, and on the Saturday.

The opening morning was entirely hunter classes judged by Mr. J. R. Hindley and Col. G. A. Murray-Smith. In the first class they awarded first prize for a novice hunter to Mr. Haldin's bay gelding The Wise Man, ridden by Count Orssich. The horse was later second to Mrs. Tollit's brown mare Silverin in the middleweight hunter class. Silverin, who also won the lady's hunter class (judged by the Hon. Mrs. Baird and Lady Stanier), had already won at two big shows that week. The lightweight hunter class was won by Mr. C. R. Tomkinson's chestnut Casino, ridden by Mr. Ronnie Marmor. This was another case of three successes in seven days.

The heavyweight class was won for the fourth year running by Mr. Bernard Selby's His Grand Excellency—but only after the judges had called in Major Lawrence Rook as referee to decide between him and last year's Dublin champion, Work of Art, now owned by Mr. H. Sumner. After lunch we saw two sections of the Foxhunter jumping competition; then a lovely class of Arab stallions, won by Mr. C. G. Covey's superb grey Silver Vanity.

Among those at the show that day were the Duchess of Beaufort (who presented some of the cups), Lady Violet Vernon (who rode the second in the class for lightweight hunters), Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, the Hon. Mrs. William Rollo with her son Mr. Robin Abel Smith (who was among the prize-winners in the middleweight hunter class), and Mrs. Billy Abel Smith. The Earl & Countess of Willingdon did not exhibit any Arab horses this year but were delighted that one of Lady Willingdon's mares had produced a lovely foal the previous day.

Also there were the Duchess of Norfolk and her daughters Lady Anne and Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard who had several entries in the jumping classes, Major James Smith-Maxwell and his pretty daughter Ailsa who was riding her handy hunter Coolattin, Col. & Mrs. Ferris St. George, Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Mackle, and Mrs. Audrey Hazlerigg with her two Etonian sons Mr. Rupert & Mr. Simon Hazlerigg, talking to Mrs. George Lowther. Mrs. Nicoll was accompanied by her débutante daughter Elspeth, and I saw the Countess of Westmorland and the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale (who judged leading rein ponies). Miss Caroline Sale, pretty in blue, presented a cup to the winner of one of the classes. Others were: the Hon. Mrs. Cardiff, Mrs. Patrick Smyley with Mrs. Dean, Miss Betsy Profumo from Warwickshire, Lady Freiberg, and Mrs. Dickson, who had come up from Hampshire with her step-father Col. Towers Clark. He was going down to Cowe over the weekend to sail in Major Macdonald Buchanan's fine boat Kaylena in trials with the America's Cup Challenger Sceptre until Evaine is refitted after losing her mast and rigging in bad weather.



Desmond O'Neill

THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW was held in Windsor Castle Home Park. Above: Mr. Michael Downes, joint-Master of the Garth, paraded his hounds

Virginia Gilligan and her fiancé Mr. Peter May, Peter. She rode in the Badminton three-day event last month

The Hon. Mrs. James Baird and Lady Stanier. They were the judges of the Ladies' Hunters

Mr. J. R. Hindley and Col. G. A. Murray Smith, Master of the Quorn. They judged the hunters



PRISCILLA IN PARIS

The postman never rings once

THERE are too many holidays in this lovely country during the merry month of May.

The Fête of the Workers, the Victory celebrations, the Fête of the canonization of Joan of Arc, the Feast of the Ascension and the Feast of Pentecost (Whitsunday if one prefers). This makes five holidays spread over four weeks and if the *festa* happens on a Sunday the Monday is added on as make-weight so that everybody (?) feels happy.

I am delighted, so long as I can remain safely aloof in my own chosen nook, to think of the holidaymaking crowds dashing off to the country and the countryfolk surging up to town by car, train, scooter "moto" and even push-bike, but what gets me down is the absence of letters. Surely there is no other country in Europe where postmen do not deliver for two whole days at a time. Perhaps I have too many letter-writing friends that I love scattered over the world. A day without letters is like a lovely girl without a smile, a child without laughter, an elderly woman who resents the passing years, or cold beef without mustard.

The première of the Glyndebourne Opera was an enormous success at the Théâtre des Nations. But what a cosmopolitan evening! A Franco-British audience applauding *Le Comte Ory* of which the music is by the Italian composer Rossini and the book by Scribe, who was French, while the famous protagonists were: a Spaniard, an American, a Frenchman, a Canadian, two Frenchwomen, an Italian, a Hungarian and Monica Sinclair, whose lovely contralto was a warm joy to hear. The opera, a merry affair that few of us had ever heard before (for we never seem to remember that Rossini wrote anything other than *Figaro*), was sung in French, and the excellence of the pronunciation was remarkable: as Florent Schmitt remarked, "one can actually understand the chorus as well as the principals!"

All the world was there from Sir Gladwyn and Lady Jebb to the duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, including dozens of Rothschilds and other *Tout-Parisians* on the way.

At the reception held at the British Embassy afterwards Lady Diana Duff Cooper in a wonderful picture frock looked very lovely. Mme. René Massigli was in turquoise with what I choose to call a "crumple-edged" skirt—but of course she can always make even the ugliest fashions look charming—Mme. Edouard Bourdet, in black, showed her beautiful neck in a square cut décolleté, Yolande Laffon—in private life Mme. Pierre Brisson—was also in black with an immense scarf of white tulle: gay little Mme. Jacques Bousquet, whose slight limp makes her hop about like a happy wee hur-r-r-d, wore blue taffeta but she really

ought to have been in brown with a red waistcoat like a robin; Hélène Perdrière, in Chinese lacquer red, was in her gayest mood and terribly thrilled by *Le Comte Ory*. She is doing the *mise en scène* of Corneille's *Don Sancho d'Aragon* at the *Comédie Française*. It is a play of the same period. Another famous actress present was Vera Korène whose theatre, the Renaissance, is being completely renovated this summer. British visitors who knew Paris in the early twenties will remember the many years that the great Lucien Guitry, Sacha's father,

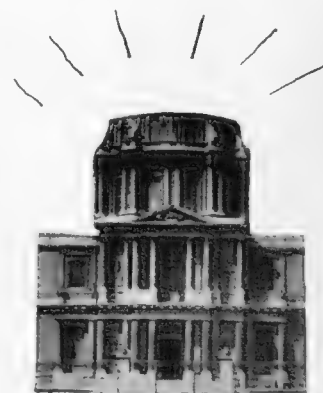


played there in Henry Bernstein's dramatic social hair-raisers, and even before that when it was Sarah Bernhardt's theatre.

Now that the long summer evenings are almost upon us we are dining more and more in the open air whether at a spindletree-planted *terrasse* of a small restaurant reputed for its cuisine but tucked away in some far distant and rather sordid quarter of Paris or at the more blaringly sophisticated, but often less Lucullan, haunts of the Bois de Boulogne or the outer suburbs of Paris. A friend who objects to the high cost of living in this pleasant city assures me that there is a very nice little place where one can eat in the Tuileries gardens, but I have not come across it. Perhaps it is the *chalet* where one can get *gaufres* ("waffles" in American, I believe) and fizzy drinks through straws from highly coloured bottles. After all "eating" is a term that covers many forms of indigestion

that, less politely, can be called: stomach-ache!

A heavy crash of thunder, a blinding flash of lightning—just one sample of each (rather like Monsieur X... starting out to form a Government) and a spouting downpour of rain were an unpleasant prelude to one of the finest evenings we have had in this present period of unpredictable weather. I spent it at the Pavillon d'Armenonville. This is one of the oldest and most famous of the *grands restaurants* in the Bois. It has been completely prinked up this spring but the latticework décor is unchanged. The windows were open on the green, still-damp lawns and the wood smelled divinely. There was a crowd but not a crush; the young people had space to enjoy the good floor and Armando's exhilarating orchestra and we older folk sat back and remembered certain parties.... For instance, that wonderful June dawn when—the professional musicians having given up the ghost—some of us dragged a piano out on the lawn, kicked off our shoes and... well, never mind the dance, it suffices to say it was pre-Charleston. How surprised the birds were. The swans



flew away from the lake and I don't think they have ever been coaxed back!

I noticed, without undue astonishment, that this year's fashions are not very comfortable for dancing. Two lovely young people were performing a thrillingly frantic "cha-cha-cha" when the girl's yard-long, triple row of beads swung out and caught another dancer a terrible swipe across the back. Eyes flashed and pretty lips tightened, although deep apologies were made and accepted, but the victim's back will have to go into retirement till the bruise fades and the scabs fall off the scratches! The loose backs of certain frocks can cause trouble, also especially if the rear panel forms a loop from shoulder to hem. The loose panel merely has a tendency to splash into the *madrilène* as the wearer is whirled past a table, but I saw a billowing loop of flowery organza neatly lasso a bottle of champagne that was standing on the edge of the table next to ours. It had just been removed from the ice bucket and was empty, but the lad who partnered the lady with the loop got quite a nasty crack when the bottle landed on his shin. "Alas, what wouldst thou?" said an elderly Frenchman to his wife. "The youthful live dangerously of our days!"



Miss Patricia Barker, a 1956 débutante, arranges flowers at the Winkfield Manor Nurseries in New Bond Street. She is the daughter of Mrs. George Barker of Scarletts Farm, Twyford, Berkshire



Miss Alison Geddes is being trained to sell antique furniture and furnishing materials by Mrs. Hayes-Marshall at Rufus Ltd., of Brook Street. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Reay Geddes of Wilton Cres. Came out last year



Miss Caroline York sells and arranges flowers at the new Pulbrooke & Gould Flower Shop in Sloane Street. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Christopher York (he was formerly M.P. for Harrogate) and was a débutante in 1954

BEHIND THE COUNTER

In many London stores, boutiques and shops the girl behind the counter is a débutante



Miss Felicity Drew, who came out in 1956, now works at Hardy Amies's Boutique in Savile Row. She is the daughter of Mrs. Drew of Fleet, Hants, and Col. Drew, North Cheriton



Miss Priscilla Newman, a débutante last year, sells housecoats at Neatawear Ltd., Brompton Road. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Tom Newman of Eaton Place



Miss Bridget Ley, daughter of Sir Gerald Ley, Bt., and Lady Ley of Charlton Hawthorne, Somerset, sells dresses at Worth's Boutique in Grosvenor Street, and models. She came out in 1955

Miss Elizabeth-Anne MacKenzie, who was presented at Holyroodhouse in 1956, prepares sandwiches and sells snacks at Fortnum's Fountain, Piccadilly. She is the daughter of Mrs. John MacKenzie of Dolphinton

Miss Marcella Ryan, daughter of Mrs. O. E. Ryan of Lowndes Street, sells toys at the Little Boltons Nursery School & Holiday Club for Older Children, which she started a year ago. She came out in 1954

Miss Julia Calvert, who came out last year, sells stationery at Truslove & Hanson, in Sloane Street. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Calvert who live at Picts House, Horsham, Sussex



THEATRE

Blackmail up against a white collar

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

THE planning of a sure-fire killing is said to be an imaginative exercise so common that we are mad to feel safe even in the jolly company of our best friends. I find this bit of mass-psychologizing extremely hard to take. Yet I am quite ready to believe that if these potential dangers to society exist in number they are mostly men who live nice, tidy, methodical lives. That is what Mr. Arthur Watkyn, in his comedy thriller *Not In The Book* at the Criterion, wants me to believe, and I go all the way with him.

The hero, endearingly played by Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White, is a senior civil servant. His desk in Whitehall, I am sure, has the severe beauty of a battleship cleared for action and the mantelpiece in his comfortable suburban house, I know, has every ornament in place. When he returns home at the same time every evening he notices at once if a chair or a cushion has been shifted during the day, and blandly inquires the reason. He is a sensible, indeed a charming man and his family are as devoted to him as he to them. His weakness is that he is convinced that the world is ruled by method. Find the right method, apply it firmly and there is no more to be done.

Fate (which, as we know, is shamelessly fond of coincidences) lays a nasty trap for this amiable apostle of method. It sends him a voluble but not the less dangerous blackmailer to remind this pillar of the suburbs of a disreputable incident that occurred during his early youthful service abroad. We are soon shown that the prim civil servant is a formidable fellow beneath his courteous official manner. He is fond of his wife, he is fond of his children, he is fond of his comfortable position in the world, and he is not going to let any South American blackmailing yahoo blow his world to pieces. He temporizes and he broods, and it is in the course of his brooding that he remembers he has promised to give an opinion on the script of a thriller written by a young novelist living in the neighbourhood. This novel describes in detail the infallible method for getting rid of just such a blackmailing nuisance as his late visitor from South America. The civil servant decides that the



THE BLACKMAILER, Pedro Juarez (Sydney Tafler), unaware of the fate hanging over him, beams happily at his intended victim Andrew Bennett (Wilfrid Hyde White). Bennett, having made arrangements to dispose of his unwelcome visitor with a poisoned potion, permits himself an acid smile in return. He is to find that a murder plot often does not comply with the book of rules

right method is here. He has only to apply it firmly (book in hand) and there is no more to be done.

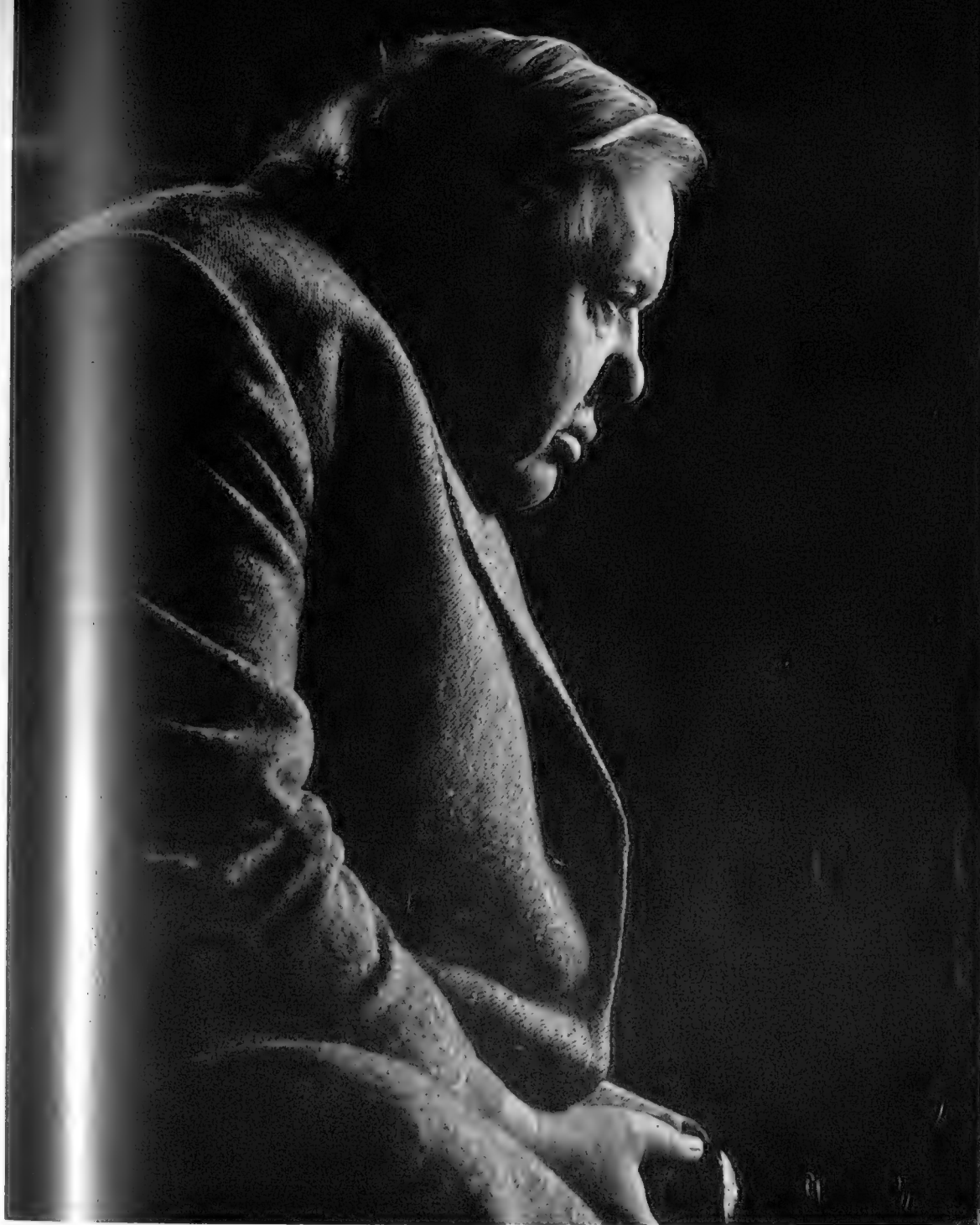
Thus Mr. Watkyn sets his stage for an up-to-date *Ten Minute Alibi* which, though more lightly touched with humorous surprises than the older play, yet contrives to work up considerable tension. Mr. Hyde White is extremely droll, solemnly addressing himself to cold-blooded murder with weed-killer that looks so like sugar that he cannot himself tell the difference between the two substances and is reduced in one emergency

to testing the matter on the tip of his own tongue. The emergencies come thick and fast, almost as thick and fast as the coincidences, but each one manages to make the grade theatrically. So certain is the method, so carefully has the first-rate civil service mind prepared every stage of its working that the blackmailer is as good as poisoned before he arrives. But the police arrive first—to sell tickets for the annual police ball and narrowly to escape the poisoned coffee. And when the superintendent has at last gone there comes bumbling in the colonel of Mr. Charles Heslop, a man of one idea and all the time in the world to explain what it is. Eventually, however, more by luck than planning, the blackmailer achieves his arrival. Interruptions cease troubling and the method is free to do its deadly work. It is just about to triumph when the decent, cricket-playing amateur in the cold-blooded murderer rebels. He warns his victim that the coffee is poisoned. Yet the blackmailer dies, and Mr. Hyde White is in a pickle.

What holds together the last act is not only that Mr. Hyde White in a pickle equally preserves his humorous imperturbability but that he gets wonderfully good unobtrusive comic support from Mr. Philip Guard. The young novelist realizes as the police investigation takes its course that the perfect murder of his own fiction has been actually attempted by his respectable neighbour; and he is tongue-tied with amazement that real life should have caught up with art. Miss Aviee Landon looks after the hero's domestic background with sympathetic care; Mr. Sydney Tafler is the voluble and volatile blackmailer, and Mr. Nigel Patrick's direction is smooth and ingenious. But the great charm of the evening is watching Mr. Hyde White delicately putting the balls exactly where he pleases on the billiard table.



Sylvia Bennett (Aviee Landon), the civil servant's wife, finds strange things happening over the coffee cups in her well-run household



Back in the West End

Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester, who recently returned to the screen in *Witness For The Prosecution*, now return to the London stage. They last played together in London in the 1936 production of *Peter Pan*. Tonight they open in *The Party*, by Jane Arden, at the New Theatre. Left: Charles Laughton as Richard Brough



Above: Elsa Lanchester, as Elsie Sharp, with John Welsh, who plays a lodger. Right: Charles Laughton, who also directs the play, with Ann Lynn as Henrietta, his daughter



RECORDS

Is revival enough?

by GERALD LASCELLES

THE revivalist groups, which started to play their own peculiar version of traditional jazz shortly after the war, are still holding their popularity with a large section of the jazz-minded public. The fact that Chris Barber is a bigger draw in the concert hall than any other band currently playing in England bears out my point. Public acceptance alone, unfortunately, is not necessarily a guide to quality, and the traditionalists in America have been as guilty as European bands in allowing their standards to sink.

I have the profoundest respect for the original traditionalists. What I decry is the musician whose limited outlook and ability prevents him seeing beyond a few badly played imitations of a Johnny Dodds or Louis Armstrong chorus. This may be a jumping-off point, but it should be treated in the same way as the efforts of the bathroom tenor—kept away from the public's ear at all costs. Recent jazz developments have shown that there is no shortage of constructive ideas, even though the trend may not always take the path best suited for its future.

The last testament of Bunk Johnson, erstwhile king of New Orleans Jazz, recorded in 1947, makes sad listening despite the selection of a band of great potentiality. Philips have done a service to the collector of antiquities by releasing these tracks, but I find that it has little to appeal to the average jazz fan. More to my liking is the Dutch Swing College Band's performance, which features one of the most popular British jazz singers, Neva Raphaello. Top marks for traditional style, with modernism outweighing the conventions, go to yet another in the series of Newport Jazz Festival issues. This one features Red Allen (trumpet) with trombonists Jack Teagarden, Kid Ory, and J. C. Higginbotham, and drummer Cozy Cole all in tremendous form.

For those who accept traditional jazz for its rumbustious characteristics without the demand for antique preservation there is an excellent set by the Bay City Jazz Band. "Bay City" is, for the benefit of the uninitiated, the colloquial term for San Francisco, an early seat of the revivalist movement, led by Lu Watters. The results, for all their exuberance, are absurdly stodgy, and a travesty of the music they attempt to portray. It is as if a pavement artist had been commissioned to copy the cream of the Impressionists hung in the Louvre.

On a more inspired note, Emarcy presents a set of excellent tracks featuring drummers, with assorted groups. The pseudo-importance adopted by the drummer in a soloist rôle in the modern idiom is the moving factor behind this release. It also provides me with a chance to compare various modern stylists, whose technique has been widely praised in recent years. Both Max Roach and Shelly Manne have contributed greatly to the progression of the drummer from being a backroom boy to the present status which he enjoys. Outstanding are the two tracks bearing the name, once more, of Cozy Cole, formerly an All-Star with Armstrong. He appears with Earl Hines and a most interesting selection of other musicians.

A delightful, but for once inconsequential, reissue comes from Fats Waller, playing and singing his usual party pieces, with much allusion to his "Arabian doll" and other social phenomena.

Selected Records

HENRY "RED" ALLEN AT NEWPORT—Columbia 33CX10106; 12-in. L.P., £2 1s. 8½d.

DRUM ROLE—Emarcy; 12-in. L.P., £1 15s. 10d.

FATS WALLER AND HIS RHYTHM—R.C.A. RC24004; 10 in. L.P., £1 6s. 5d.

DUTCH SWING COLLEGE BAND—Philips BBR8116; 10-in. L.P., £1 9s. 2½d.

ANDRE PREVIN—Brunswick LAT8190; 12-in. L.P., £1 17s. 6½d.

LENA HORNE—MGM EP643; E.P., 11s. 1½d.



Italian-born Luciana Paluzzi plays opposite the British star, Stanley Baker, in *Sea Fury*



NEW TEAMS IN NEW FILMS

The Diary Of Anne Frank has been filmed. Millie Perkins plays the young Dutch Jewess who hid from the Gestapo in Amsterdam with her family. With her is Shelley Winters

Eiko Ando, a new Japanese star, is teamed with John Wayne in *The Barbarian*. This is an account of the tribulations of Townsend Harris, the first Western diplomat to work in Japan



CINEMA

A fresh wind from Norway

by ELSPETH GRANT

Susan Strasberg, who plays the lead in *Stage Struck*, is the daughter of Lee Strasberg, originator of The Method



WHEN I was very young and a very bad sailor I went to Algiers aboard a Dutch ship. After a night of acute discomfort in the Bay of Biscay I looked miserably out of my porthole as the dawn was breaking—and there, not more than a couple of hundred yards from us, her swan-white canvas blushing in the sunrise, was a square-rigged windjammer in full sail. I forgot all about my seasickness, threw on a dressing-gown and ran up on deck to watch her out of sight. It seemed to me then that a sailing-ship must be about the most beautiful thing ever made by man.

Mr. Louis de Rochemont's exhilarating film, *Windjammer*, superbly photographed in Cinemiracle, confirms that impression. Its star is the Norwegian training ship, *Christian Radich*, a three-masted square-rigger—and never has there been a star of greater elegance. Under the command of Captain Yngvar Kjelstrup, she sets sail from Oslo with 50 fresh young cadets, receiving their first tuition in seamanship, aboard.

The film is an enthralling account of her voyage from Norway to New York and back, via Madeira, Puerto Rico, Curaçao and Trinidad. Its high-spots include a feast day in Madeira, the basket-sleigh run at Funchal, a splendid party at Curaçao, a "jump-up" (or fresco dance) to the rhythms of a wonderfully melodious steel band at Trinidad, a meeting at sea with the ill-fated German sailing ship *Pamir*—lost in September last year—and with grim destroyers and squat aircraft carriers of the U.S. Navy, looking, in their armoured strength, like Mars beside the *Christian Radich's* Venus.

The triple-lens camera gives full value to the vastness of oceans, the colossal curved-screen lends an almost three-dimensional quality to the photography, the definition is remarkably sharp and the colour ravishing. Among the cadets, a lively bunch of boys who run up the rigging with the agility of monkeys, 18-year-old Herr Sven Erik Liback (a talented pianist) and 22-year-old Herr Harald Tusberg (who tells me he intends to study acting at a drama school in New York) are outstanding.

I do hope young Herr Tusberg gives the Actors' Studio a miss, for it becomes increasingly apparent that The Method is not a good thing. Mr. Rod Steiger, one of its most dedicated exponents, plays a vile extortionist in *Cry Terror!*—and a more self-conscious, mannered and even conceited performance it would be hard to find.

Still, don't let this or anything else prevent you from seeing the film—unless you have a weak heart, that is. Mr. Andrew L. Stone, writing and directing this excellent thriller, has used all the devices for creating tension—including the kitchen stove, believe it or not.

Mr. Steiger is demanding half a million dollars from an airline company. He has planted a bomb, which he allows them to find, in one of their planes—and he promises to plant others, which they will not find, in a whole string of their machines unless the money is paid. Mr. James Mason has been duped by Mr. Steiger into making the bombs and is thus in the villain's clutches. By holding him and his little daughter (a brat called Miss Terry Ann Ross) hostages, Mr. Steiger forces Mr. Mason's wife, charming Miss Inger Stevens, to co-operate in his fantastic plan: she is to collect the money which the airline, in a panic, has agreed to pay—and she is to tell the F.B.I. that if she is followed her husband and child will forfeit their lives.

An ensuing car drive, with Miss Stevens frantic at the wheel, is just one of the sequences which will have your hair standing bolt-upright. It is followed by a grisly scene where Miss Stevens, protecting her honour, stabs Mr. Steiger's sex-crazy henchman (Mr. Neville Brand) to death with a sliver of broken glass, another in which Mr. Mason, shinning down a lift cable, is in imminent danger of being squashed between the lift and the top of the shaft—and here comes the kitchen stove, from the hot-plate of which Miss Stevens snatches up a pan of boiling water and dashes it in Mr. Steiger's face, before rushing off like a terrified rabbit down a subway tunnel, with the lethal Mr. Steiger in lumbering pursuit.

Naturally the tight-lipped, terse F.B.I. chaps are working doggedly on the case—and not the least fascinating feature of this intensely exciting picture is the way in which these tenacious fellows track down Mr. Steiger's evil girl-friend (Miss Angie

Dickinson) through the teethmarks in a piece of chewing-gum. One would rise and salute them were one not as limp as a rag with all one has vicariously gone through.

Miss Susan Strasberg, a true daughter of The Method (her father, Mr. Lee Strasberg, runs the Actors' Studio), has the feminine lead in *Stage Struck*—a remake of *Morning Glory*, in which Miss Katharine Hepburn starred in 1932. It is the Cinderella story of a girl from some outlandish hick-town who comes to New York convinced that she is potentially a great actress. She crashes into the office of a leading producer, Mr. Henry Fonda, doesn't get a part but is befriended by an old-established actor, sympathetic Mr. Herbert Marshall, and a strong-jawed young playwright, Mr. Christopher Plummer.

At a party given by Mr. Fonda, Miss Strasberg gets drunk on champagne and recites the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*—proving to Mr. Fonda and company that she has indeed the makings of a fine actress. The path of ambition, like that of true love, does not run smooth. An ill-advised and painfully brief affair with Mr. Fonda brings heartbreak and drives her to reciting poems in a night club. The loyalty of Mr. Plummer, who has fallen in love with her, and the temperamental behaviour of Mr. Fonda's leading lady (Miss Joan Greenwood—distressingly haggard) give Miss Strasberg her chance to become a star over-night.

Miss Strasberg is very nearly as mannered as Mr. Steiger but far more attractive: she certainly brings out the exhibitionist in the aspiring young girl. The film has charm and in the scene of back-stage preparations for an opening night the emotionally over-charged atmosphere of the theatre is brilliantly communicated.



The Norwegian training ship, *Christian Radich*, is the star of *Windjammer*, reviewed by Elspeth Grant

BOOKS I AM READING

The story of my life

—by Lady Diana

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES



A reconstruction of Holland House as it was in the 17th century, from William Gaunt's *Kensington* (Batsford, 25s.). Holland House was severely damaged during the war and is now being partly restored

BOOKS IN PICTURES

The Beauty Of Modern Glass, by R. Stennett-Willson (Studio Ltd., 30s.), has nearly 500 illustrations. Below are two examples of Swedish glassware, a clear crystal wine service by Bengt Orup, and an engraved crystal vase by Ingeborg Lundin



LADY DIANA COOPER was such a remarkable legend to my mother's generation that she has seemed from time to time to me an almost wholly fictitious character. A pale gold lady with gigantic eyes and the tranced, blind gaze of the great beauty, an International Name, was once a wildish, wilful young head-hunter, a hostess at Chantilly, an ageless flawless face that was always present whether the occasion was a grand first night or an especially glittering party—who was she really? The name alone immediately conjures up the image of either an enormous pastoral straw picture-hat, or the chic wimple of *The Miracle*.

The surprise that the eternal Lady Diana has been hoarding all these years is that she is an enormously talented and engaging writer. *The Rainbow Comes And Goes* (Hart-Davis, 25s.) is the first volume of her autobiography (since the death of her husband, the 1st Viscount Norwich, she has reverted to the name by which she is best known). It darts along like a bright humming-bird, flashing and swooping, in an idiosyncratic style that takes tight-rope risks and is at the same time limpid, simple and glittering. Clearly what she has to say could hardly be other than fascinating, for she saw a great deal of a remarkable world—but somehow I had not expected the way of saying it to be so taking in its delicate, pointed stylishness.

For me the best parts of the book are the early chapters, lyrical yet worldly, that perfectly and sensuously catch a childhood in an utterly vanished world, with the watchmen crying "All's well" round Belvoir Castle, the water-men filling jugs and baths and kettles all day long, the gong-man with a white beard to his waist banging the gong for ten minutes three times a day all round the castle to round up for meals, the author's father, if he was forced to show round guests himself, waving at an entire wall of Hilliard miniatures and saying "Don't worry about those; they're all fakes," and the family taking seaside holidays in uncharted Sussex, with Iris Tree "tethered by a rope to her drunken nanny."

Great Beauties always seem to me (and obviously it is unfair) to be necessarily solemn persons, unable to laugh for fear of cracking the enamelled skin. Lady Diana is as funny as you please, with a light, dry,

throw-away wit that never insists, and comes off beautifully in the manner of an apparently casual phrase, the surprise juxtaposition of unexpected details, the absolute precision of observation—and sometimes, in the matter of her aunts and uncles (her grandfather's second wife bore him "about eight" sons and daughters, Lady Diana doesn't bother about trifling factual accuracies), in a vein of tender ruthlessness.

After the golden, fairy-story childhood (her father dreading bankruptcy, with income tax at elevenpence in the pound) and girlhood with picnics and swarms of dazzling young men on Oxford reading-parties, comes the time of the "Corrupt Coterie," children of "The Souls," all brilliant and wild and apparently ceaselessly engaged in writing each other wildly admiring letters. This particular society is perhaps hard for my sterner, bleaker generation to understand, and the high-jinks in Venice, about which the author is candid, sound dismally silly—but each generation has its own brand of folly, and is censorious about the last. The 1914-1918 war, from which so few returned, is a very different climate, vividly re-created, largely by a series of letters between the author and her future husband. It was war before glory died, where you could dine at your club with an imperial pint of champagne, reading *Alice In Wonderland*, then march with bands to Waterloo Station. A privileged party of family and friends could travel to France to bring home a wounded officer.

Lady Diana is clearly never going to be old—in photographs she is still the same as the picture in the book "Myself as Russia for charity" (my favourite period caption) or indeed the barefoot, three-year-old with flowers and lace flounces—and the book is a young book, full of sharp sensation, with clear outlines and undimmed high spirits. She enjoys things very much indeed.

Another jolly, though less expert and spangled, autobiography this month is Maggie Teyte's *Star On The Door* (Putnam, 18s.), written with an endearing innocence and lack of pretension, and enlivened with pictures of the ravishing miniscule singer—my favourite shows her, in sandals and pleated tunic, hands clasped to right ear and looking as composed as a kitten, in a TATLER photograph marking her Opéra-Comique

début as someone called Glycère in something called *Circe*. The author fell over her draperies up a flight of steps, the only thing, understandably enough, she can now remember about that opera.

I relish the autobiographies of singers and actresses for their usually untrammelled violence and gorgeous passion for personal vendettas, and Miss Teyte is a touch too modest and uncatty for all that—though she gets in a gentle, oblique swipe at Lilli Lehmann—but there is much joy all the same (Debussy, with his collection of china cats, dismissing Wagner as “no musician”; Miss Teyte firmly confounding Fritz Reiner with the name of Beecham, and weeping for two hours behind the piano, having broken down and choked her way through twenty-seven pages of a pupil-performance of “O beau pays de la Touraine” from *Les Huguenots*, discovered and comforted by the accompanist, Mlle. Mange-Petit); and the straight stuff of her art, from a true musician of much experience, is of enormous interest.

My Brother's Keeper (Faber, 25s.) is the savage title—with its implications of Cain—of a book, tragically unfinished, about James Joyce by his younger brother Professor Stanislaus Joyce, who died three years ago. What emerges even more strongly than the picture of James Joyce in early life, and of the family background, is an image of the author himself, a character of painful pride, courage and honesty, bedevilled by the fact of his older brilliant brother, whom he loved, admired and envied and by whom he was constantly exasperated, getting him out of trouble and attempting to prevent his drifting on the pattern of their rarely sober father. James said to his brother, “There’s a queer, grim, Dutch touch about your phiz.” His father called him James’s jackal, and said he reflected borrowed light from his elder brother (who in fact borrowed a great deal of plot-material from him). This is a painful, bitter, troubling, marvellous book, sad and savage and with nothing glossed over: the hard quarrying of truth with an axe and hurt hands.

I’ve also been reading **Papa You’re Crazy** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) which is fearfully sheer William Saroyan, told in the person of a ten-year-old boy living with his novel-writing, pianola-playing pop in California, full of quaint innocent talk and homespun philosophy of life. It turns me as queasy as a diet of candy-floss and tinned, very sweet corn.

Red Queen White Queen (Bodley Head, 15s.) by Henry Treece, a passionate tale about the insurrection of Queen Boudicca (Boadicea to you), a sort of lusty Celtic Anna Magnani with sturdy legs and a taste for mead. “A lot of blood is shed by all. The author says, “Surely one can only treat such a theme with a tender, and sometimes tearful irony!” but what with the gore and so much primitive womanhood and Boudicca’s tattooed thighs, the tender tearful irony is sometimes quite hard to locate. . . . **Pursued By A Bear** (Duckworth, 15s.), a first novel by John Playfair, is an elegant, leisurely, good-tempered social comedy, well-bred in both tone and literary antecedents, and as clever as pie. With a little more point and pruning, Mr. Playfair’s next should be worth waiting for.



Vane

**Miss Cynthia Margaret Prior
to Mr. George Nevill Turner**

She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. K. Prior, Berryhill, Ashted, Surrey. She is secretary to Mrs. John Hay Whitney, wife of the American Ambassador. He is the son of Col. & Mrs. B. G. Turner, of Laureston House, Dover



Vandyk

**Miss Elizabeth Helen Howard
to Mr. Harold William Norman
Suckling**

She is the daughter of Sir Algar & Lady Howard, Thornbury Castle, Gloucestershire. He is the son of the late Lt.-Col. J. C. Walker, 3rd Cavalry, Indian Army, and of Mrs. Suckling, Roos Hall, Beccles, Suffolk



Vandyk

**Miss Wanda Catherine Willert
to Mr. John George Rodway Rix**

She is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Carter, Wakeham, Rogate, Hampshire. He is the son of the late Mr. H. Rodway Rix, of Ipoh, Malaya, and of Dr. Eileen M. Rix, of Chilbolton, Stockbridge, Hampshire



Vandyk

**Miss Linda Ishbel Campbell
to Mr. Hugh Guy Cubitt**

She is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Angus & Mrs. Campbell, Doddington Cottage, Nantwich, Cheshire. He is the son of Col. the Hon. C. G. Cubitt & Mrs. Cubitt, Highbarn, Eppingham, Surrey



John Sarsfield

**Miss Hugolyn Whitelocke
to Mr. Colin Winter**

She is the only child of Mrs. Whitelocke, of Cerrigllwydion Hall, Llandyrnog, near Denby, North Wales, and of Cdr. G. Whitelocke. He is the younger son of the late Lt.-Col. C. E. Winter, and of Mrs. Winter, the Glebe House, Knockdrin, Mullingar



Yevonde

**Miss Joanna Bonham-Carter
to Mr. Timothy Gilbert Culcheth
Holcroft**

She is the daughter of Admiral Sir Stuart and Lady Bonham-Carter, of Kingston House, Petersfield, Hampshire. He is the son of the late Mr. John Holcroft and of Mrs. Holcroft, Northbrook, Bentley, Hampshire

Captions to the engagement photographs of Miss Unity Thornton-Berry and Miss Patricia Margaret Clarke in the issue of 14 May were mistakenly placed. The TATLER regrets any confusion or inconvenience this may have caused.



Wearing what comes naturally

BECAUSE of the success of synthetic fibres a whole generation has grown up without ever wearing *natural* silk. How many teenagers have felt the luxury of silk underwear which—even if it does have to be ironed—is unsurpassed for comfort and flattery? How many have known the excitement of entering a room accompanied by the rustle that only pure silk paper taffeta can simulate?



Michel Molinare

Silk paper taffeta (*left*) printed with a design of violets and swathed with violet silk, which falls into a train. Designed by Victor Stiebel. Pearls by Jewelfraft

Similar in design but of flame-red slubbed silk surah, a Christian Dior dinner dress (*above, left*) at Harrods Model Gowns Dept. 90½ gns. Jewels by Christian Dior

Pure-silk caramel satin organza makes the Harry B. Popper model (*above*) at Woollands, and McDonalds of Glasgow. About 47 gns. Silk stockings by Plaza. 12s. 11d.



Michel Molinare

Left: A slip of pure black silk crepe-de-Chine with a deep border and bodice of fine French lace over a peach net foundation. It is made in 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measurement. At Debenham & Freebody. The price £8 10s.

Below: Empire-line nightdress in fine white silk satin. The bodice is made of Aleçon lace, the hemline flounced with nylon net. Also made in peach. At Debenham & Freebody, London. Price: 12 gns.

Opposite: Yards and yards of peach-coloured silk satin allied with appliquéd French lace are used for this negligée worn with a matching nightdress. Both at Marshall & Snelgrove, London. Price: negligée £30, nightgown £21 10s.



Soft as a
summer
breeze

THE TATLER

& Bystander

28 May 1958

477



What's in a name?

WHEN THE NAME is Worth . . . a knee-high, loose-fitting hibiscus-coloured dress by Worth (Wholesale) in Ascher's nylon and mohair Kilcardie. Price: 35 gns. At Mikla, Wigmore Street, London; Kendal Milne, Manchester; and Christopher of York



WHEN THE NAME is Antonelli of Rome . . . a gay cotton dress in a range of attractive prints at Peter Jones, who are copying it from an imported original model in their own workrooms. Price: 8 gns., sold complete with petticoats. Jewellery by Jewelfcraft





Michel Molinare

WHEN THE NAME IS Pierre Balmain . . . a navy-blue two-piece in fine wool (*above*) trimmed with white, made in Paris specially for Harrods. Price : £98. White straw by Otto Lucas, from the Model Hat department : 18 gns. . . . Also a two-piece in pure white silk (*right*) spotted with red. Price : £65. Worn with it an Otto Lucas white straw Breton from Harrods' hat department. Price 15 gns.



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

First steps into fashion



For school-leavers seeking discreet yet fashion-conscious clothes for their entrance into social life Dickins & Jones have a special department. Here the styles are chosen with skill and care to carry a young girl through the difficult transition from the gym tunic to high fashion.

The turquoise linen suit (*left*) has an uncluttered jerkin over a straight skirt. Price: 8½ gns. The evening dress (*opposite*) in slate-blue satin with harem hemline has a strapless bodice. Price: £31 10s. The nectarine satin shoes: £3 9s. 11d. Jewellery by Jewelcraft. The accessories: Holmes' bone-coloured calf shoes £3 19s. 11d. The white nappa handbag £3 11s. 6d.; the yellow linen hat at £2 13s. 6d. All from Dickins & Jones

Photographs by
John Adriaan







Bracelets for smart occasions. *Top*: a wide gilt bracelet with a chain safety clip (£7 17s. 6d.). *Centre*: a gilt bracelet with large pearl centres on the links (£4 14s. 6d.). *Bottom*: clusters of pearls decorate this gilt bracelet (£3 15s.).

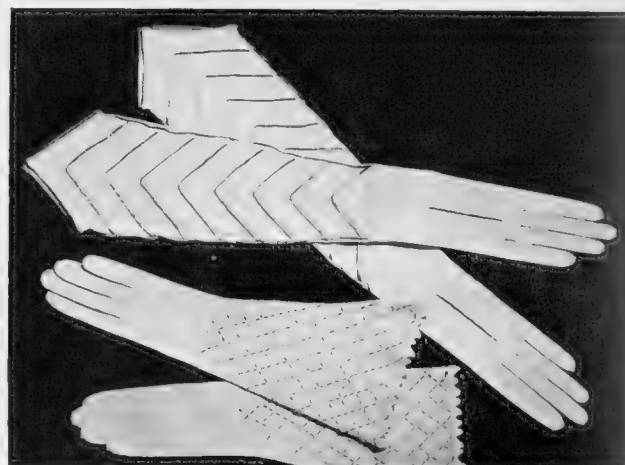


Three link belts. *Left*: a white and gilt belt (£2 9s. 6d.). *Centre*: a gilt belt ending in a chain and tassel (£1 11s. 6d.). *Right*: a belt of black and gilt links also ending in a chain and tassel (£2 5s. 6d.). The belts and the bracelets (*above, left*), can be obtained from Marshall & Snelgrove

SHOPPING

Evening accessories

by JEAN STEELE



White kid gloves trimmed with gold lines (£9 9s.). The second pair of white kid gloves is decorated with a criss-cross pattern of beads (£4 4s.). Debenham & Freebody



Top: a flap-over clutch bag in jewel colours (£3 9s. 6d.). *Bottom, left*: another clutch bag, also made in jewel colours but with a clip top (£3 13s. 6d.). The third bag is satin-covered and can be obtained in black, ruby, grey or pink (£6 6s.). Debenham & Freebody



Velvet is used for this Madame Roberta bag (35 gns.). Artificial flowers in a posy add a gay touch (10s. 6d.). Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

CITROËN...SUPERLATIVE...



... but how can mere words describe heaven on the road?

MAKE a pepper-pot of the dictionary: shake out the comparatives, the superlatives, the adjectives, the adverbs. At the end, you'll have to admit defeat. You'll have to let a sigh of satisfaction, a possessive glance, a fondling touch, tell of your delight when you see, you drive, you *own* this sleek, wonderful machine that for want of a better, prouder title has to be called a car. A car! No, not a car, a realized dream of the motor transport of the future. In 1968, perhaps, there will be others like it. But *now* . . . only one. Yet you won't be able to brag about it. Words, mere words, will dry on your lips. You'll have to be satisfied with the envy you see in those who must remain content with a 1958 model . . . ten years behind your own, your unique, CITROËN D.S.19.

D.S.19 performance is *proved*—not only by first-time success in the Monte Carlo Rally but by thousands of owners all over the world. Get one of the 100 Citroën dealers in this country to give you a demonstration. For name of nearest agent and full details of the D.S.19 and other Citroën models write to the address below.

ONLY A CITROËN D.S.19 HAS ALL THESE FEATURES
no other car has more than two of them!

- Hydro-pneumatic suspension on all wheels keeps car at same height and on even keel, whatever the load or camber . . . smooth riding over roughest surfaces. *Exclusive to Citroën.*
- Power-operated front-wheel disc brakes (standard brakes for rear wheels) with twin pedals—hydraulic and mechanical—for instant halting always. *Exclusive to Citroën.*
- Hydraulically-assisted rack and pinion steering makes for feather-touch, finger-tip control. *Exclusive to Citroën.*
- Hydraulically-operated gearbox. Clutch automatically disengages below minimum r.p.m.—*engine cannot stall.*
- Single spoke steering wheel and new-angle steering column minimize danger to wrists and chest—make Citroën safest to drive. *Exclusive to Citroën.*
- Front wheel drive plus low centre of gravity give maximum road-holding . . . facilitate high-speed cornering.

PLUS (AMONGST OTHER THINGS)

- Seating for six adults—in comfort. Oversize boot—17 cu. ft.
- The best all-round visibility of any production saloon.
- Genuine top-speed of 87-90 m.p.h., 28-30 m.p.g. at 45 m.p.h.

Price—£1,150 plus £576.7.0 p.t.

Don't just keep up— get ten years ahead with a

CITROËN

Also available: the I.D.19
£998 plus £500.7.0 p.t. and the
versatile 2.C.V.—£398
plus £200.7.0 p.t.

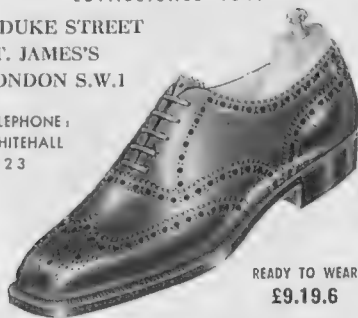
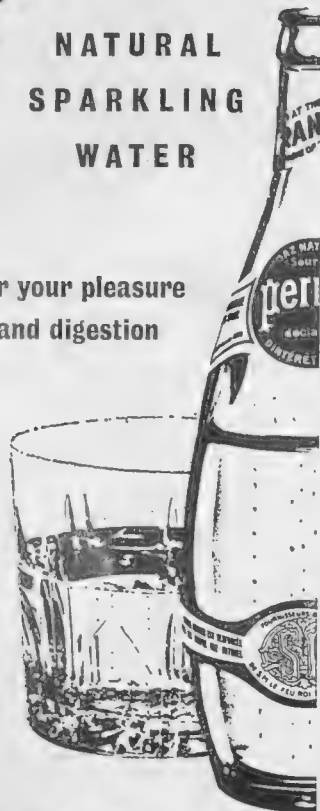


Citroën Cars Limited,
Trading Estate, Slough, Bucks.
Telephone: Slough 23811

WILDSMITH

& CO

ESTABLISHED 1847

6 DUKE STREET
ST. JAMES'S
LONDON S.W.1TELEPHONE:
WHITEHALL
1623READY TO WEAR
£9.19.6BROCHURE AND SELF-
MEASUREMENT FORM ON REQUEST**perrier**
NATURAL
SPARKLING
WATERfor your pleasure
and digestionIT'S A 'NATURAL'
FOR YOUR WHISKY**COODEN BEACH HOTEL**
Near BEXHILL, SUSSEX

This is a luxury hotel on the South Coast where the hotel gardens run on to the beach. We offer the finest holiday for those seeking: Quiet comfort, first class food and wines, cocktail bar and lounge, golf, swimming, tennis, squash, riding. Hourly trains from Victoria. By road 64 miles from London.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Phone Cooden 281 or write to the Manager for brochure and tariff.

This is Operation BRITAIN

It is an organisation which exists to tell the world about Britain. It makes no profits and is independent of governments and political parties.

It has been formed by a group of men of wide experience in many different spheres of activity and of many shades of political opinion, who are united in their belief in Britain's future as a great nation. We in Operation Britain believe that to attain that future Britain and all her people need now a form of encouragement and guidance which can best be provided by an independent organisation commanding all the resources of modern publicity.

It is our belief that too little is known, either at home or abroad, of Britain's tremendous achievements. At home, the inspiration of the past and our present successes are the best possible source of confidence in our future. Abroad, proof of Britain's ability to lead the world in many fields is of inestimable value in increasing our trade with other nations. Proper presentation to the British public and to the world of such achievements will realize for us the prestige that this nation has earned, and the pride that we can justly feel in Britain's strength and in her qualities of greatness.

Operation Britain's function is not to preach, but to inform: not to exhort, but to encourage every member of our close-knit nation, each one of whom has a part to play in shaping our future. That future—if we all build together—is bright with promise.

British Achievement speaks for BRITAIN

THIS IS AN "OPERATION BRITAIN" ORGANISATION ADVERTISEMENT

Write for details of corporate and individual membership of the organisation to:
THE OPERATION BRITAIN ORGANISATION • 165 FLEET STREET LONDON EC4 • FLEET STREET 5011



You'll be **MORE** at home
in an **ECCLES**

The finest range of Caravans ever designed by Eccles. Be well advised and get to know all about these exciting models—extravagant in everything but price.
Write for illustrated literature.
"You'll be much better off in an Eccles!"

**ECCLES (BIRMINGHAM) LTD.**

CARAVAN DIVISION, BIRMINGHAM, 30

If you wish...

absolute luxury . . .
inspired cuisine . . . a
room with central heating,
telephone and radio . . .
television . . . private
bathrooms . . . sumptuous
lounges . . . beautiful
gardens . . . a resident
orchestra . . . golf and
tennis . . . comfort
and relaxation . . .

you will be happy
at the

Victoria Hotel
TORQUAY



Radio in every bedroom.
Finest ballroom in the
West of England.

SPECIAL TERMS
AVAILABLE
FOR HONEYMOONERS

Send for illustrated brochure to
P. L. OSBORNE, M.H.C.I. Tel: 7501

Advances on Incomes from Trusts

or on

Future Entitlement under Wills,
Trusts, Marriage Settlements, etc.

U.K. or OVERSEAS.

Interest from 6% per annum by
first or second charge or mortgage.

•

FOSTER & COGILL

11 DUKE OF YORK STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

WHI 5561

DINING IN

... and a bottle of rum!

by HELEN BURKE

For the past few weeks, I have been enjoying a little experimenting with rum. I wonder why one does not make more use of it in cooking? It was much more popular in the kitchen 100 years ago than it is now. Some old family recipes, for instance, give rum as a "must" in both Christmas puddings and cakes.

Having been presented with a bottle of Rhum Negrita, which is described as from "the West and East Indies" (and 77 per cent proof!) I set about using it in all the dishes which, formerly, I might have enhanced with brandy. I must say that it gives a delicious round and flavoursome touch to everything on which I have used it.

As bananas and rum have an affinity for each other, Bananas Flambées were the first to have a "trial run" and I think that, from now onwards for several weeks, at least, we shall have that sweet. It takes less than 15 minutes to prepare and can be started in the kitchen and, once the rum has warmed through, finished in the dining-room.

For each serving, allow two small bananas or a halved large one, and the straighter they are, the better. For four servings, melt about 2 oz. butter in a frying-pan and pour it into a small basin or jug. Scrape the thinnest possible layer off each peeled banana, then lay them side by side in the pan. Pour the butter over them, and sprinkle them with vanilla sugar, if available (or caster sugar). Gently cook them for 8 to 10 minutes, turning them so that all sides are cooked, then take the pan to the dining-room and pour over and around the bananas 1 to 2 measures of rum. When the heat of the pan has warmed it, set it alight and serve while still burning, but with the flame dying down.

Another sweet to which the rum gave a marvellous finish was Upside-down Apricot Pudding. I used stewed dried apricots, but drained canned ones would be even better.

Blend together 2 oz. each of butter and brown sugar and, with the mixture, line the inside of a cake tin measuring $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 inches across and 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep. Place the apricots, skin side down, all over the bottom of the tin with, here and there, a red cherry. (Canned ones are excellent.) Now for the batter: Cream together 3 oz. each of butter and caster sugar. Add and beat into the mixture 1 large beaten egg or two small ones and a pinch of salt. If there seems any possibility of the mixture separating, add a little flour from 6 oz. set apart for the batter. Now add the

remaining flour and just enough milk to make a fairly firm batter. Spoon the batter over the apricots, keeping it as level as possible, then bake for 45 to 50 minutes in a moderate oven (350 to 375 deg. F. or gas mark 4 to 5).

Turn out when ready and pour 2 measures of rum (first warmed in a small pan) over the top. Take the sweet to table and set the rum alight.

Thicken the syrup from the apricots this way: For $\frac{1}{2}$ pint, blend a level teaspoon of arrowroot with a dessertspoon of water. Stir it into the hot syrup, bring to the boil and it will clear. Pass this syrup separately.

I also made the obvious Syllabub—a wonderful sweet which you can make hours before it is required. For 4 servings, mix together 2 measures of Negrita rum, the juice of 1 lemon and 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. sugar, according to taste. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint double cream and whip until the mixture holds a peak. In each of 4 glasses, put a ratafia biscuit and spoon the cream on top. Put aside for several hours. The little ratafia biscuits will absorb a little of the rum and lemon juice—each a delicious *bonne bouche*.

Try filling cored apples with chopped walnuts, raisins and, if liked, a little chopped orange peel. Place them in a baking tin. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, the juice of a lemon and a tablespoon sugar. Bake the apples, basting them from time to time, until cooked but not over-done. Warm 3 to 4 measures of rum, pour over the apples, set alight and serve while still blazing.



Switzerland

Grindelwald

BERNESE OBERLAND

the famous glacier village

reached easily by rail and road. 12 miles from Interlaken. Swimming, Fishing, Tennis, Mountaineering. Write to: Kurverein Grindelwald BO



GRINDELWALD GRAND HOTEL REGINA

A new Hotel conceived for comfort and good living.

Krebs family

ADELBODEN

NEVADA PALACE

First-class Family Hotel. Tennis courts—large park. Swimming-pool, Bar, Entertainment. Daily all-inclusive rates from s.Fr. 24. Owner: Family Oestreich-Graff

WENGEN

PALACE HOTEL

Bernese Oberland

Leading Hotel in the Jungfrau region. Magnificent holiday aside the road. Boxes at Lauterbrunnen — Elegant swimming pool. Tennis courts—Centre of excursions — Orchestra. Dancing. F. Borter, owner



WENGEN

HOTEL EIGER

Family Hotel (30 beds). Quiet position in centre. Comfortable rooms with wonderful view. Weekly all-inclusive rates from s.Fr. 126. Karl Fuchs, owner

6,000 feet

AROSA

Grisons

GOLF & SPORHOTEL HOF MARAN—First-class house in quiet position at the golf ground. Own Tennis courts with trainer. Walking, Fishing, Riding. E. Traber, manager

SPORHOTEL VALSANA—The ideal hotel for your summer holiday. Tennis courts. Heated swimming-pool. 140 beds. E. Fringer, owner

SILS

SILS MARIA • SILS BASELGA • FEXTAL

Enjoy the mountain spring in June and make a profit of the favourable rates. Folders: Kurverein Sils/Engadine.

The
well
balanced
liqueur...
COINTREAU
Extra Dry



Indispensable in Cocktails
Fruit Salads ★ Grape-Fruit



Sole Importers. W. GLENDENNING & SONS LTD. NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE 6

DINING OUT

No bats in this Belfry

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF



A QUESTION I have been often asked since my return from France is whether I can remember the best meal on this particular holiday. I can, and it was the reason that my first visit on my return to London was to the Belfry Club in West Halkin Street, S.W.1, directed by an old friend, the distinguished restaurateur, Joseph Vecchi. First let me tell you of the meal I had on the night I arrived at the Hôtel du Béarn at Oloron-Ste.-Marie in the Basses Pyrénées, where the proprietor, Jean Lardonnère, is also the *mâitre chef de cuisine*.

On our arrival, travel stained and weary, we became reckless and had what he described as his "menu gastronomique." It cost 1,600 francs per head, but look what we got for it: *L'Assiette de Charcuteries Béarnaises*; *Le Saumon du Gave Grille Beurre Fondu* (the Gave d'Aspe being the local river); *La Bécasse Flambée sur Canape* (halfway through its preparation the *Bécasse* (woodcock) was brought in on a platter from the kitchen surrounded by blazing

brandy); *Le Foie de Canard aux Pommes*; *Le Fromage du Pays*; and *Le Parfait Glacé Moka*. Once again we stuck to a local red wine and had a bottle of Madiran from the vineyards of Béarn which cost 400 francs or 8s.

While I was having an *apéritif* in the bar before this feast took place they saw that I had Joseph Vecchi's book *The Tavern Is My Drum* with me, and got quite excited because he was an old friend, so I had to leave the book with them. My first job on getting back to London was to carry their greetings to the Belfry and insist that I be given another copy.

It is exciting to meet Joseph Vecchi at his club, when you have read his book and realize the astonishing and varied experiences he has had as a restaurateur; from Claridge's in London to Berlin in the days of the Kaiser and St. Petersburg in the time of the Czars. In the latter city he used to arrange special dinners for Rasputin and infatuated ladies of the Russian court who

were constantly in attendance on him.

The last part of the book describes the founding of the Hungaria in London and the many celebrities among his customers.

There is no need to tell you about the quality of the food and wine at the Belfry. With Vecchi in command it could only be first-class. He has been there for three and a half years and it is now time he sat down and wrote another book, and I suggest the title should be *The Belfry Is My Bell*.

That evening, with nostalgic thoughts of France, I went for the first time to Ici Paris at No. 1A Baker Street. I had heard that at night-time there was a genuine French atmosphere in this restaurant, and sipping a glass of Pernod and smoking a Gauloise I very soon found this to be true. The reason is obvious because Ici Paris is conducted with great verve by Mme. Zucarelli, who worked for many years with her father and mother in their restaurant in Paris in the rue Richer next door to the Folies Bergère, so she grew up in a world of actors, actresses and artists.

I found the food excellent and started off with half a dozen *Escargots de Bourgogne* for 6s. just to add a touch of garlic to the Pernod and the Gauloise, and followed this up with *Escalope de Veau* in a cream and wine sauce for 12s. 6d.

There is a sensible wine list at reasonable prices, with a full licence to midnight; a piano, violin and an accordion to keep you happy; and when Madame herself goes to the microphone and sings in French. Ici Paris... indeed!



You're free as air

For a wonderful, wonderful sun-warmed holiday where everyone is gay and life and good living run smoothly you cannot better the days you spend at the METROPOLE in Brighton.

Every kind of entertainment flourishes in Brighton from fun on the beach to sophisticated theatre and Brighton's historic magnificence is well matched by the comfort, good service and fine food of the equally magnificent

**METROPOLE
BRIGHTON**

Details in full and reservations from the resident manager: BRIGHTON 24041



India WELCOMES YOU

Today the splendours of the gorgeous East may be visited and enjoyed amid modern comforts. Travel in India is easy, efficient and cool for air-conditioned airliners, railways and hotels are at your service.

Come and see this newest ancient land.

**THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA
TOURIST OFFICE**

28 Cockspur St., London, S.W.1. TRA 1718

Illustrated brochures and suggested itineraries available from your Travel Agent or—

Relax on the AIROBED

IDEAL FOR GARDENS, SEASIDE, MOTORING & CAMPING HOLIDAYS

Luxurious air-cushion comfort, fully inflatable in 10 seconds without the use of pump or bellows. Easily adjusted to any position for sitting, lounging, or sleeping. Obtainable in attractive temporary designs.

only £10, 5. 6. (plus 5/6 carriage & pkg.) from
JOHN BELL & CROYDEN
50 Wigmore Street, London, W.1



Illustration shows AIROBED being used in the Easy Chair Position.

Dimensions
OPEN 6' 3" x 24½" wide
x 12" high
FOLDED 27½" x 24½" x 3"



HAPPINESS is every CHILD'S RIGHT

But... there are still many tragic lives needing HELP.

This voluntary society has 4,500 children (including spastics, diabetics and maladjusted) now in its care.

DONATIONS and LEGACIES gratefully received

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND
CHILDREN'S
SOCIETY**

formerly
WAIFS & STRAYS
OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON
LONDON, S.E.11

Appointed for Luxury . . .

EMBA* THE WORLD'S FINEST MUTATION MINK



Virginia Thoren

*Trade-mark Mutation Mink Breeders Association

AUTUMN HAZE ✱ brand, EMBA* natural brown mutation mink

NATURAL PRIDE . . .

gleaming with beauty that's truly heavenly, this grand coat in AUTUMN HAZE* brand shows the world how magnificent mink can be. Remember all mink is not the same—so insist on AUTUMN HAZE* brand if you want the finest that exists.

always perfect in



SOLE IMPORTERS TO THE STERLING AREA

GARLAINE
LTD

2 NEW BURLINGTON STREET, LONDON, W.1

BEAUTY

Slimming without tears

by JEAN CLELAND

EVERY woman likes to "cut a fine figure," so when the very latest method for attaining slender lines was recently launched in this country under the name of "Slenderella" it aroused considerable excitement. The party given to introduce it to the press was packed, and no sooner was the salon open the following morning, than women were clamouring to make appointments for "shuffling off" the inches.

"When the excitement has died down a bit," said to myself, "I will go along and find out more about it." So after a few weeks I rang Thelma Holland, the internationally known authority on beauty who introduced "Slenderella" to Britain, and made a date to see her at the salon. If I had hoped for a quiet chat with my old friend, I was disappointed. Throughout my visit she was constantly in demand. "I thought things might have got a little less rushed," she said, "but on the contrary, we have become so increasingly busy, that it is difficult now to know how to fit people in."

What is "Slenderella," and where did it begin? It was founded in the United States in 1957, when five salons were opened in New York. Since then it has developed with remarkable rapidity. There are now 200 salons in the United States, and others have opened in Canada, Hawaii, Paris, Zurich, Düsseldorf, and Brussels, and now England. Briefly "Slenderella" is a scientific system which enables one to lose weight and re-proportion the figure. Its slenderizing programme is based on posture correction and proper eating. An integral part is the "Slenderella" Table, which works alternately on different parts of the body. Scientifically designed movements correct posture, stimulate circulation, and tone the muscles. Busy women are pleased to note that there is no need to undress for the Table treatment, which takes about 45 minutes.

I asked if I could see the Table in action, and Mrs. Holland took me through to one of the treatment rooms—free for a few moments between one client and the next—and demonstrated how the whole thing works. There are a variety of movements, some stimulating, some relaxing. They can be adapted to correct various defects such as big hips, large waistline, or too much plumpness under the shoulders at the back, and so on. In addition to this, by promoting

MRS. THELMA HOLLAND is the beauty expert who has introduced *Slenderella*, a new slimming treatment, to Britain



Vivienne

circulation, the "Slenderella" Table improves the health and helps the body to function properly. "When clients are being measured after a treatment," said Mrs. Holland, "I notice that their faces look happy and relaxed, instead of haggard, which they often do when slimming."

I asked more about the measuring. "Every client who comes in," Mrs. Holland told me, "is given a figure analysis, during which different parts of the body are measured. Everyone is different and because of this the measuring is extremely important. Individual problems may be of abdomen or waist-line, too large hips or thighs. Some

people have fatty pads across the back, others have a midriff bulge. The trained figure analyst estimates what loss is required to get the body into the right proportion, and what treatments are necessary."

In addition to the "Slenderella" Table, treatment includes what is described as "sensible eating." This does not mean rigid diet, but it does mean reasonable control of the amount you eat, and going easy on those types of food that are known to be fattening. A sensible high protein diet plan, with a large choice of foods, is devised by a nutrition expert.

To discourage over-eating, a special Vitamin and Mineral Mint tablet is also recommended. This has been developed by a reliable pharmaceutical firm to ensure necessary vitamin and mineral content while dieting. In addition to this, the tablets help to curb the appetite.

During my talk with Mrs. Holland I said it was obvious that she sincerely believes in this treatment. "Can you wonder?" She replied. "The results are so splendid. I see clients looking glowing and feeling better. As they start losing inches, and getting better proportioned, they stand better, and their whole posture improves. This alone makes them look infinitely more slender. Where they slumped they straighten, and where they bulged they flatten. One client who has just been measured has lost 10½ inches overall in five weeks, and if that isn't exciting, I don't know what is."

I agreed that I wouldn't know either, and came away feeling that her enthusiasm was justified.

The first salon is in London only but they will be opening in the Provinces at a later date.





The new Austin Healey Sprite has headlamps protruding above the bonnet. Siting of the lamps has to conform with regulations about minimum height above ground

MOTORING

In the Nippy tradition

by GORDON WILKINS

A BABY sports car from a famous factory at a basic price only two-thirds that of the MGA is wonderful news. Its name is the Austin Healey Sprite and after trying it on a variety of roads I can say it is a gay and lively small car with real performance; a worthy successor to the Nippy, and Ulster Austins of pre-war days.

This is a model which goes a long way towards bringing the fun of sports-car motoring within reach of the young of both sexes, so here is the feminine verdict from my wife:—

Despite the low build and tiny size, getting in and out is less of a tussle than on many larger sports models. The seats are comfortable, a well-placed grab-handle keeps you in place on fast corners and with hood and side windows erected the Sprite is snug and waterproof. Headroom is surprisingly good and with the hood up there is plenty of room for the driver to twirl the wheel. There is reasonable luggage space behind the seats, but bonnet and front wings are fairly heavy to lift when you have to check the engine. With those protruding headlamps and the little oval grille the Sprite reminded me of a small frog poised to spring and it certainly moves off quickly when that eager little engine starts revving. Parking is no problem at all and it simply can't use much petrol. The sort of car a girl would like for her birthday . . . and so much cheaper than a mink coat. . . .

Hastily I switch back to the male angle. Maximum speed on the straight is about 80 m.p.h. (I saw 80 on the speedometer with the car still accelerating and acceleration is quite brisk if you use the gearbox). But the Sprite is at its best in quick mountain motoring. It oversteers, but tail wag is swiftly

checked with the aid of quick steering (two and a half turns from lock to lock) and the brakes seem up to the performance.

On knee-high miniatures like this the designer has quite a problem in deciding where to put the headlamps, especially as it will be exported to countries like the U.S.A. where the law fixes a fairly high minimum height for the minimum dazzle. The headlamps on the Morris Minor had to be moved from their original position alongside the grille to a higher mounting in the wings to meet American requirements and the little Berkeley which has its lamps in the wings for the British market has to carry them on stalks for the U.S.A. The original idea of the Healey designers was to make the Sprite's lamps retractable as they are on the French D.B. and the Italian Abarth but this could not be done at the price, so they are planted on the bonnet. Another solution is one I saw on a little Fiat 500 roadster by Frua in Turin. The headlamps were mounted on the scuttle



and the bonnet was fluted to give an unobstructed field of fire.

The bus strike

At least the bus strike served to explode the fiction that London's traffic problem is exclusively caused by the parked car. Despite kerbside parking on an unprecedented scale, driving along Piccadilly, through Trafalgar Square, down the Strand, through the City and along Oxford Street, on weekday mornings or afternoons was far easier than usual. Freed of the obstruction caused by lines of buses constantly stopping and pulling-out again into the stream, the traffic flowed much more smoothly. It was staggering to learn that Piccadilly Circus is normally the target for 540 buses an hour; one every six and a half seconds. Without these jostling monsters it seemed almost deserted at times. And how much more agreeable the air was without their reeking exhausts.

Buses are far too big for many of the narrow streets in which they circulate. The fact that their trade is declining is a hopeful sign and a reduction in the number using the central area should be a major objective in London's traffic planning.

During the rush hours, the police helped by taking charge and encouraging drivers to ignore some of the traffic lights which so often create the congestion they were designed to prevent. But the British motorist has been so lectured, intimidated, regulated and controlled that the initiative has been beaten out of him. When the traffic lights turn green in New York, Paris or Turin, traffic surges forward in a solid mass. If you don't move when the rest move you are hooted at and quite probably shunted. In England, the green light is the signal for a stately saraband; no one moves until the performer in front is well on his way, and each green period passes fewer vehicles than it could. A surprising number of the celebrants show signs of alarm when another performer approaches within four feet. They straggle across the road making one line where there is room for two, and two where there could be three. But at least London knows nothing of the incredible North of England convention which treats the whole nearside lane as forbidden territory, not to be used in any circumstances. I have motored most of the way from Blackpool to Preston, and from Liverpool's Adelphi Hotel out to Aintree in the nearside lane, past queues of stationary vehicles several miles long jammed on the crown of the road. It is a phenomenon which never fails to fascinate foreign visitors who go to Aintree for the racing, whether horse or motor.



Two more solutions of the headlamp problem on low-slung sports cars. In the Abarth Fiat 750 coupé by Bertone (left) they are retractable, and hidden by flaps in daytime. The Fiat 500 roadster has them recessed under the windscreen

I say — that's get away —
0-60* in 28 secs!

My gracious, how spacious —
Room for all of us!



Together
 you'll choose a

In the hands of a good driver the Morris Minor 1000 can hold its own with cars of far bigger engine capacity. Its economy is almost a legend and its roominess is a boon to wriggling youngsters and expanding elders alike.

**Autocar Road Test 14th December, 1956.*



Morris Owners planning a Continental Tour are invited to see their Morris dealers for details of a free service to save foreign currency.

TWELVE MONTHS' WARRANTY—Backed by B.M.C. Service, the most comprehensive in Europe.

"QUALITY FIRST"
MORRIS
 MINOR 1000

PRICES FROM £416 (PLUS £209.7.0. PURCHASE TAX)



FLY B.O.A.C.—by the world's most modern airliner fleet

Choose air travel at its best . . . yours for the asking by B.O.A.C. Fly by the most modern, the most *efficient* fleet of airliners in the world. Magnificent jet-prop *Britannias* speed you to the major transatlantic centres . . . to Europe, East, Central and Southern Africa . . . the Middle East, Pakistan, India, Ceylon . . . South to Australia, or right across the Far East to Tokyo. And mighty DC-7Cs offer frequent non-stop services between Britain and North America.

"Efficiency" means more than speed alone, to B.O.A.C. It means luxury cabin accommodation . . . "five-star" menus . . . friendly *personal* attention to all your needs. For full details of de Luxe, First Class, Tourist and Economy Class services, consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Travel Agent or any B.O.A.C. office.

Take advantage of B.O.A.C.'s Ticket Instalment Plan—Fly Now, Pay Later! 10% down and the balance over 21 months.

WORLD LEADER IN AIR TRAVEL

B.O.A.C.

TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION WITH S.A.A., C.A.A., QANTAS AND TEAL